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THE THEATRE

A MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS

Theatre Magazine Co.

Notice to Our Readers

Growth in Eight Years

Eight years ago, we issued the first number of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. The price was then 25 cents a copy and the magazine consisted only of 18 pages with thirty-six pictures. To-day each issue contains over forty pages and the number of pictures has been more than trebled. Yet the price has remained the same. It seems hardly fair. Either we asked too much then or we ask too little now. Which is it? We leave the answer to you!

Merits of The Theatre Magazine

It is not necessary for us to expatiate upon the merits of our publication. It speaks for itself. Unrivalled in its field, it is a splendidly illustrated chronicle of the contemporary stage—clean, dignified, and scholarly in tone; beautiful and artistic in appearance; valuable, interesting and indispensable to every theatregoer.

Cost of Production

During the past few years the advance in the cost of magazine production has been enormous. Paper, engraving, etc., etc. cost far more than when we first started publication, and as these expenses continue to increase each year we have decided to raise the price, not only in justice to ourselves, but also to our readers. Those who liked us at 25 cents will like us just as well at 35 cents. They will like us even better, for we intend to give them more for their money.

Measure of Protection

¶ Beginning next January, 1909, the price of The Theatre Magazine will be increased to 35 cents a copy, and the yearly subscriptions to $3.50.

¶ We will accept all new subscriptions for one or two years at the present price of $3.00, but only up to the first of January, 1909.

¶ Our old subscribers may send similar renewals from the date that their present subscription expires.

New Features

We wish to introduce many new features which will add not only more pages but will also widen the scope of the magazine. Improvement would seem to be impossible, yet it is our purpose to have many more pictures and to cover theatrical doings not only in this country but all over the world with a completeness and elaboration which would be impossible if we were limited to our present size. We shall have many more full page plates, enabling us to give larger pictures of scenes from current plays, and the scheme of improvement will also embrace a supplement in colors. To our already long list of expert contributors, we shall add the names of the best known writers of dramatic affairs both here and abroad. In a word, it will be our aim to make this magazine the most complete and unique periodical of its kind in the world. All this will cost money and that is why we must ask our readers to pay 35 cents a copy for it. That it will be worth twice that amount goes without saying with all those who have known us in the past.

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE THEATRE

VOL. VIII. JULY, 1908 No. 89

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Sarony, N. Y.

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS

Will be seen at the Criterion Theatre next season in a new play entitled "Fluffy Ruffles"

Review of the Theatrical Season

THE past season opened with a series of crashes which brought about a state of affairs and a feeling of bewilderment and insecurity corresponding to that in the financial world during the same period.

Play after play was found to be insolvent, in every sense. It was as if the end had come to all endeavor. Among our playwrights of the highest distinction hardly one escaped disaster; and the most remarkable feature of it all was that their plays, as we pointed out at the time, failed by reason of imperfect technical handling. It is pleasing and proper to at once add, at this point, that this fact was curious rather than significant, for the dramatists involved, in some cases, almost immediately redeemed themselves with plays that demonstrated their growth in skill and power.

Of course, all dramatists experience failure, and it is commonly said that managers do not expect complete success with more than one play out of three. No rule can be established in the matter, because a really good play may fail financially, an indifferent play may be carried through the season by a popular actor, and a bad play (according to all technical law, good taste and common sense) may receive critical and public approbation.

The history of the past season, however, demonstrates that the standard of judgment is becoming higher and more exacting. One practical reason for this stands out very clearly. It is because so many plays are produced, and so high is the rate for admission to a theatre, whether the play be bad or good, that the theatregoer must exercise his judgment in choosing between them. The season has been as remarkable for its good plays as for its bad plays. Failure or success has been immediate, and neither has been helped by the usual means employed by management in influencing public opinion. The public is becoming independent.

We do not think we are ungracious in recounting some of these failures. We have already discussed them analytically, and can only now make a summary of their chief defects. "The Ranger," by Mr. Thomas, full of action, and the characteristic qualities of the dramatist in its details, was deficient in that action which comes from a definite proposition and a compact plot. "The Step-sister," by Mr. Klein, had too many subordinate actions or means to one end. "The Struggle Everlasting," by Mr. Royle, sincere and appealing in some of its symbolism, fell away into theatricalism. "The Evangelist," by Henry Arthur Jones, promising in the beginning to be an earnest treatment of modern social conditions, became conventional and ended unsatisfactorily. "The Christian Pilgrim," by Mr. McArthur, beautifully produced, and at times filled with the human sympathy of Bunyan, might well have been a success if it had been constructed with a plot derived from the dramatist's own initiative.

"Sappho and Phaon," by Mr. Mackaye, failed because it was more poetic than dramatic. Its lines were beautiful, but they retarded the action. In "Toddles" and "Her Sister," adaptations, Mr. Fitch betrayed carelessness and haste in his work. In fact, it may be said of each of all the plays mentioned that none need have failed if proper care had been bestowed upon their workmanship. As to subject they were inherently good. Careless confidence on the part of Mr. Ade brought his "Bluffs" and "Artie" to nothing. Both plays had the characteristics of Mr. Ade. Some of these characteristics he may well suppress or modify.

Mr. Belasco's two plays, "The Grand Army Man" and "The Warrens of Virginia," had that effectiveness in character and situation and stage management in which he is unfailing, and fell short only in not being plays of the moment. "Society and the Bull-dog," by Mr. Armstrong, while not wholly discreditable to his skill, lacked probability and delicacy. "The Worth of a Woman," by Mr. Phillips, was preposterous in its philosophy. "The Comet," by Mr. Johnson, was weird with a wholly incomprehensible idea that proceeded from the exuberant self-confidence of a possibly very talented young author. With "The Comet" began Cimmerian darkness, which was made complete with "The House of a Thousand Candles." Mr. Sothern gained greatly in artistic reputation by his production of "Rodion" and "Don Quixote," and we do not reckon their failure against him. The credit side of his balance is larger

Marceau

MADAME BERTHA KALICH
Who will be seen next season in an important new production

than the debit. Mr. Sothern is to be congratulated upon his complete success as Lord Dundreary in his revival of his father's historical vehicle "Our American Cousin." He is versatile, energetic, artistic, and in every way admirable as an actor-manager.

We had also a number of plays that were open to criticism, but which entertained and served their purpose. They were not entirely successful, and yet they could not be reckoned as failures. Among them were "Irene Wycherley," by Mr. Wharton, in which appeared Viola Allen, "The Morals of Marcus," by W. J. Locke, and "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Mr. Esmond, which served Miss Maxine Elliott, and "Her Sister," the success of which was practically dependent upon Miss Barrymore. "The Royal Mounted," by the brothers DeMille, had the success that comes from theatrical device; and "The Wolf," by Mr. Walter, has some gold with much dross.

The highly successful plays are notable for their newness in theme or in treatment. "The Witching Hour," by Mr. Thomas, is in many respects the most remarkable play he has ever written. It cannot be said that he has demonstrated in it the existence of telepathy as a scientific fact, but he has contrived with great skill to make his audiences accept his premises for the purposes of the action, the result being that he has full play for his comedy, which the audience enjoys without restraint and without serious reference to the general theme of the play. For instance, the audience is not much impressed by Jack Brookfield, with his back turned, reading the cards in the poker hand of Lew Ellinger, but they are immensely diverted at the importunate anxiety of that character lest Jack has told anyone of his gift, which could be put to such profitable use. The play sparkles with bright lines, its characters are in nature's mold, and it has that distinction of delicacy in expression and refinement in feeling peculiar to Mr. Thomas. In respect to popularity it is the most notable play of the year.

"The Servant in the House," by Mr. Kennedy, received a welcome that could not have been predicted from the attitude of managers toward serious plays. The brotherhood of man is urged in it partly by means of symbolism, and while the picturesque novelty of the symbolism in having its principal figure a counterpart of Christ in appearance may have contributed to its success, it was the truth of what was revealed and urged in the play that made the success. It was demonstrated conclusively that hypocrisy prevails in high places in the church, and that the conventions and ambitions of society sometimes weaken the foundations of human obligations and brotherly love. "The Thief," by Mr. Bernstein, partly a study in psychology, was distinctly remarkable by reason of its skilful structure and perfection in detail. "Paid in Full," by Mr. Walter, who reached celebrity in this, his first play, made a deep impression without the slightest aid from romanticism, and held the attention from the beginning to the end in spite of, or by virtue of, its revelation of the sordidness in the life of middle-class people, and a mismated husband and wife. "Polly of the Circus," by Miss Mayo, has been popular. Mrs. Fiske appeared in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," and accomplished something worthy of her intellectuality and spirituality.

In artistic regularity, consistency and completeness, "Father and the Boys," by Mr. Ade, was entirely successful, with Mr. Crane, and is the best work that Mr. Ade has yet done. In "The Honor of the Family," by Mr. Fabre, Mr. Otis Skinner found an opportunity for a remarkable characterization of an eccentric romantic figure. Other stars were fitted with plays that served the purpose, and which do not call for particular mention.

A record of the passing show of what is called comic opera is not needed. Individual successes have brought prosperity to some of them, Mr. Lew Fields in "The Girl Behind the Counter" contributing something worth seeing. An imported piece, "The Merry Widow," has the qualities of a genuine opera, and its success was immediate. Its popularity is almost without parallel. Of sensational plays, "The Round-up," by Mr. Day, achieved great success by reason of a scene of uncommon daring and nov-

Sarony

DORIS KEANE

Who will be seen next season in a new play under the Frohman management

Sarony

MARJORIE WOOD

Edeson's leading woman in "The Call of the North" at the Hudson Theatre next season

NELLIE LINDROTH

A member of "Polly of the Circus," recently at the Liberty Theatre, previously with Maude Fealy

Bangs

FRANCES WRIGHT

Seen recently as Nannie Needam in "The Village Lawyer" at the Madison Square Theatre

FOLA LA FOLLETTE

Leading woman with Leo Dietrichstein in "Bluffs," presented recently at the Bijou Theatre

elty, a battle with Indians in a mountain path, a band of Indians in all of their war bravery riding down the mountain side and disappearing before the engagement. The fight itself was stage managed with more detail than anything of the kind ever seen before. "Classmates," by the DeMilles, had a scene in it which was designed to be sensationally effective, but the circumstances of the action were too forced and improbable.

WALLACK'S. "THE GAY MUSICIAN." Comic opera in two acts. Music by Julian Edwards. Book and lyrics by Siedle and Campbell. Produced May 18 with this cast:

Eugene Dubois, young composer....Walter Percival
Mr. Sam'l Lyons, manager theatre...Edw. Martindell
The Hon. Clarence Beresford.....Chas. Wellesley
Capt. George Fish, retired sea captain..Jos. C. Miron
A. Corker, retired wine merchant....Chas. Campbell
Hank Hickory, policeman.....L. R. Lefferson
Harry Woods.....F. W. Faber
Walter Baker.....Eugene Herbert
John Smith.....Thos. B. McCormick
Maude Granville, prima donna.....Amelia Stone
Marie Dubois, wife of Eugene.....Sophie Brandt
Matilda Yager, his mother-in-law.Georgina Neuendorff
Hilda Branson, soubrette.....Olga Von Hatzfeld
Kitty Connor, servant.....Grace Townsend
Suzanne, French maid.....Dollie Eads
Delia, servant.....Katherine Howland
Dorothy .....Florence Lindley
Helen Knowles.....Francesca Le Clair
Olie Weber.....Gabrielle Bacot
Lilly Sherwood.....Jean Erickson

"The Gay Musician" is entitled to respect because the music of Mr. Julian Edwards, although at times reminiscential, is above the standard of flippancy, insufficiency and imitativeness of the music commonly heard in so-called light operas. The book of this opera is also commendable in that it seeks to provide a consistent story and action. The two authors, Siedle and Campbell, are not expert craftsmen, and they work out the incidents in the action better than they do the structure of the story in its entirety. Technical shortcomings of the kind, however, are not to be critically taken too seriously if the general result is satisfactory entertainment to the audience. Criticism that takes an entirely opposite point of view from that of the audience may easily mistake its function. In the case of this play the defects of the action were felt by the audience, but the audience suffered less detriment than the authors. In other words, with a little mor skill and nicety, the authors of the book might have been highl successful with their material. A proper revision of the boo could easily elevate the opera to a plac of distinction, and give it long pros perity. The story of an opera neces sarily must be simple. This story ma be recounted briefly. A young com poser, with a jealous wife and a formi able, dominating mother-in-law, sees a opportunity to have his opera produce by an ambitious, rich prima donna. I order to realize his own ambition h finds it necessary to pose as a bachelo and to encourage the prima donna liking for him. She is matrimonial ambitious. He finally succeeds in ge ting the half-hearted consent of his wi and mother-in-law to permit him to pr ceed with his scheme of deception; b he has no easy task before him. In o scene of love-making with the prim donna he barely escapes a flower-p thrown at him from a balcony by h jealous wife. The first act ends with slap that he accidentally gives to h wife on the occasion of a jealous ou break by her. This ending is weak an clumsy, for it practically brings t action to an end. The continuity broken. The second act has to beg all over again with an action that almo constitutes another distinct play. In t course of this second act, the gay mu cian and his wife now being divorc the divorced wife is about to marry t father of the prima donna. This is a complication that he does not reli The outlook of having his former w as his mother-in-law, with his ve formidable former mother-in-law s dominant, is not a happy one. He ac dentally slaps the woman he is about o marry, and this piece of business, peated from the first act, solves the co plication, and the gay musician and s former wife become reconciled. T

(*Continued on page v*)

MABEL HITE

As Martha Scraggs, a maid-of-all-work in "The Merry-Go-Round"

TARANTELLA DANCERS AT SORRENTO

Little Theatres in Foreign Lands

THE Gallic race is a play-loving race. All the world's a stage with them. The greatest world-dramas have been performed on their shores; theirs is a heritage of big situations, of tragedy and of melodrama. Bred in the environment of struggle, of plot and yet of song, the Italian takes to his theatre as naturally as to his wine, and requires both in his day's run. As quick with laughter as with tears, he loves his Goldoni with his Sophocles and Euripides. With music strong in his soul, as sunshine in his sky, he cares most perhaps for his operas. And he knows good music, and will stand for no inferior substitution. A good voice, and true, will enlist adulation as unreasoning as the quick resentment at a false note. Next to the work of his native favorites, the Italian turns to Wagner and the German school. Little dark-eyed children, lolling lazily in the sunshine, hum grand opera airs as naturally as our own street gamins pick up ragtime. Hand-organs and itinerant serenaders sing refrains from Verdi and Donizetti. The variety-hall *genre* of so-called music is fortunately as yet unknown to them.

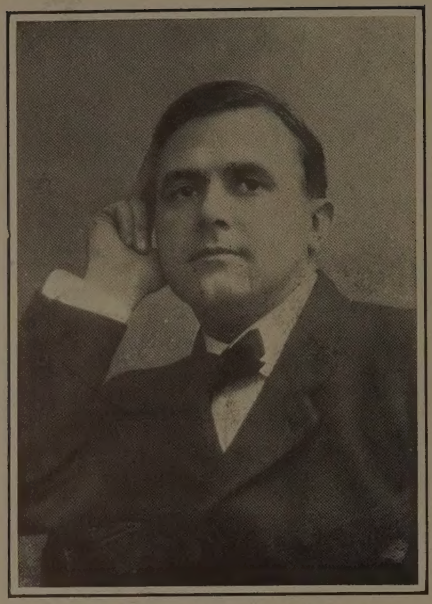
The theatres that are the homes of the grand opera are the Italians' best. Among the finest are the Teatro alla Scala of Milan, the Pergola of Florence, and the San Carlo theatre of Naples, holding from two thousand to three thousand six hundred people, and alike the scenes of the premières of the best Italian and foreign plays and operas.

The Italians have just missed a national drama. Imitation and individualism have superseded nationalism. Their preference has long been for the rude play, such as occurred in the Dunysiac festival, from which the Athenian drama grew, and the mountebank shows from which "Faust" originated. The play is not the thing with them, it is the actor. The popular drama of to-day is a descendant of the Commedie dell' Arte, with its story roughly told, and its dialogue improvised by stock characters. A certain modernization of the theatre has been taking place lately in connection with national movement. The people have grown tired of the continual repetition of the comedies of Goldoni, the dramas of Alfieri and of Cavalotti. The younger generation is lending an ear to Roberto Bracco of Naples, a disciple of Ibsen, to E. A. Butti, who presents religious problems, to the comedies of Marco Praga and of G. Rovetta. They are captured, too, by the seductiveness of Gabriele d'Annunzio. This writer appeals to the beauty-loving race by the languorous charm of his flowery sentences and his richly-colored verse. He appeals to the love of their land, inborn in every Italian, and is going far toward recalling the native genius from the trend toward mediocrity and the adoption of foreign material.

SMALL NEAPOLITAN BOY
Who sticks up the theatre posters

The popular actors are aiding this movement, and the Italian will stand anything from their favorites except poor acting. Ermete Zacconi has made Ibsen palatable to the younger generation. There is no longer the bombast and declamation of the old school, suppression is the keynote of the age. A troupe of favorites might be mentioned, whose reception among their compatriots amounts to adulation, but foremost among them are Ermete Novelli, Gustavo Salvini, son of the great Tomaso, Fumagalli, Scarneo, Eleonora Duse, Tina di Lorenzo, Irma and Emma Grammatica.

Some of the customs at the Italian theatres are interesting to us as being different from our own. In the matter of buying seats, two tickets are necessary, a seat ticket and an admission, for



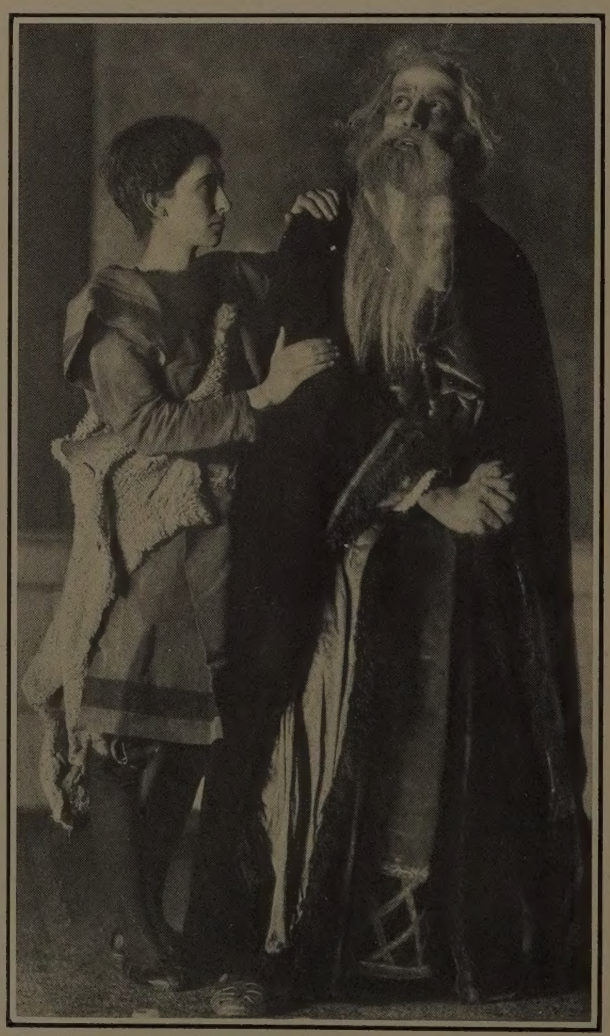
WILLIAM CRAWFORD WEEDON
Who originated in America the character of Camille de Jolidon in "The Merry Widow"

whatever the character or price of the seat one may own in the theatre, he may not pass into it without paying the price of admission. This custom comes from the fact that ladies usually occupy the boxes, and that families own their boxes from generation to generation. The young men are asked to a seat, but admission tickets never accompany the invitation. Then the intermissions are from fifteen to thirty minutes' long, and young gallants who never own seats buy admission tickets for the sole purpose of the inter-act visiting. Performances begin at eighty-thirty or nine, and last until midnight or later. At the conclusion of an opera or serious drama an elaborate spectacular ballet is frequently given carrying the performance to two or three o'clock. The women take off their hats as soon as they reach their seats, but the men usually wear theirs during the entire performance, though a few are now taking them off with the rise of the curtain. No programs are free, but are sold for two or five cents, according to the nature of the program or seat. The audience is usually in full evening dress, is attentive and appreciative. They make known their likes and dislikes by vigorous applause and cries. This is the reason an actor who has been accustomed to the acclamation of an Italian audience finds the quiet enjoyment of a Broadway house cold.

Such, then, are a few of the customs and manners of the Italian theatres, the theatres that thousands attend, and to which visitors are welcome and frequent. But there are three other types, little known to the hurrying traveler, and rarely understood by the stranger, if encountered. Indigenous to the Italian soil, these types of a former age keep a perennial youth, nurtured by the love of the folk here and again in France. They are the Marionette theatres, the Pulcinella or Punch and Judy shows, and the Strolling Players. The Marionette theatres are found in every Italian city. The natives love the little wooden manikins that make familiar to them the rôles from the classics as well as characters from melodramas of bloodthirsty chivalry. At Christmas and Easter religious plays are performed by them. In different parts of Italy local politics and local dialect characters are found on their boards. Facanapa is the name of a popular comedy character in Venice, while Pantaleone on the Venetian stage is a respectable medical man and another favorite. The Pulcinella is even more a local delight than the Marionette, for while the Marionette usually has a theatre and a roof, the Pulcinella is oftenest found manipulated by a man with a box, a dark curtain, several small, bodiless doll-heads, and two very competent hands. But what expressive gestures these small actors can make, how comical they can be, and how the audienc slap their sides and laugh! And they can bring tears, too, tear of sympathy with the dying hero, who seems far from papier maché and a bit of a rag, as he is seen in his death struggles afte some noble speech or deed. For while the Pulcinellas lend themselves most kindly to homely themes and local dialect characters they perform the classics as well and to the religious spirit of th holidays by their performance o miracle and mystery plays or theme from church history. Nor are the all homeless and travelers in th pedestrians' box. In Naples, thei home city as it were, they have the tres of several hundred capacit that are continually crowded, an small boys in costume who past bulletins of the coming production

There is a third class, the stro ling player. Come he as a singe alone, as one of a band of Tara tella dancers, or as a member of wandering troupe of actors, he always welcome. Dearly belove vagabond, he comes with a song o his lips and a smile in his eye, an leaves his audience with the men ory of a bit of brightness he brougl into their work-a-day lives. He always found at festivals and o holiday occasions. Simply to l out of doors in Italy is a gala da and the company of a strollin player makes of it a festa. Som times he and his little troupe actors travel about in a gail painted wagon, whose very a proach is hailed with delight in t outlying villages. The wagon quickly transformed into a wo drous stage, at times there is ev scenery painted on the inner side the wagon cover. The troupe ma consist of three or four congeni spirits, or oftenest of the player, pretty, dark-eyed wife and a sma

Koehne ETHEL BROWNING
Who originated the rôle of Nuri in "Marta of th Lowlands," previously seen as Puck with Louis Jame



Students of the University of Illinois recently presented the old "Brome" Miracle Play, "Abraham and Isaac." The simplicity and pathos of this quaint piece have long since been recognized, but its presentation developed the fact that the old story could hold a modern audience by its character touches, its fervent religious spirit, and a real dramatic quality which provides an emotional climax not unskilfully woven in with the spiritual lesson. The parts of Isaac and the Angel were played by young women, and the Voice of God was represented by intoning, off the scene, as in "Everyman"

infant to serve as property baby. The audience sit or stand in a semi-circle, out in the sunshine, with the country air laden with the scent of magnolia and orange blossom sweet around them, themselves most picturesque in bright-colored dresses and red covering over their swathy hair. Before them the player in velvet and gold carries them out of their time into the days and deeds of the ancient Romans, or, if a singer, he makes them weep and laugh and love with the troubadours. Again, he is a wit who jests and struts into the favor of the admiring young and the cackling aged.

It is the strolling singer who finds his way oftenest into the larger cities. Naples is his favorite haunt. He sings beneath the balconies of the hotels and the windows of homes. The Italian music is naturally dramatic, the singer is a born actor and, with the wonderful waters of the Bay of Naples, darkling under the evening shadows, with Mt. Vesuvius looming in menacing majesty beyond, with the breath of tropical flowers wafted in by the soft southern wind, and with the great glowing moon as a light, what stagecraft could produce more fitting settings for the voice that thrills and crones and paints pictures before one's very eyes.

This southland is also the home of the dancer, and while imbued by the commercial spirit that has found its way into even this region of romance, the dancers are as yet unspoiled in their art. One seeks the little village of Sorrento for three reasons—first, because it is a delightful, cliff-perched town of rare charm and loveliness; second, because it is the home of Marion Crawford, and he has written of it, "Perhaps in all the orange-scented South, there is no place more perfect, more sweet with gardens and sea-breath," and third, because it is the spot where one finds the Tarentella dance still performed in its original style. It takes place in the evening in the courtyard of the Tramontana Hotel.

The dance is less wild and untrammeled than that still found occasionally in the country districts or in Sicily, yet it is distinctly interesting as given in this garden of palms and tropical foliage to the accompaniment of weird, alluring music. The men are dressed in short velvet trousers, bright stockings and blouses, and gay Neapolitan caps with tassels. The women are in dresses of vivid magenta or blue with lace scarfs and lace aprons. All wear Roman sashes, and all breathe in every gesture, every movement, the infinite grace and poetry of motion. There are four couples, who advance, retreat, swing, sashay, embrace, coquette, quarrel and make up with the accompaniment of sparkling black eyes and flashing white teeth. They carry now castinets, now tambourines, and again only fans and flirtatious scarfs. The figures are numerous, and end with the couples filing away in the ecstacy of reawakened love. After the Tarentella there are modern songs and dances, all of which are dramatic and accompanied by acting.

A favorite during the past year was one in which the lady scorns the court of a lazy lover, and, pointing to her eyes, her mouth, her dress, tells him he shall not be the favored one to choose beautiful sights for her to see, maccaroni to eat and clothes to wear. Vowing his ability to do these very things he triumphantly bears her away to his cottage and his maccaroni.

The last song is always a love song, and after you go up to your room and seek your balcony to look out upon the moonlit bay, you see little boats gliding away into the darkness, you hear the tinkle of a guitar and the refrain of the last chorus borne back to you on the sea sweet air. VIRGINIA FRAME.

Otto Sarony

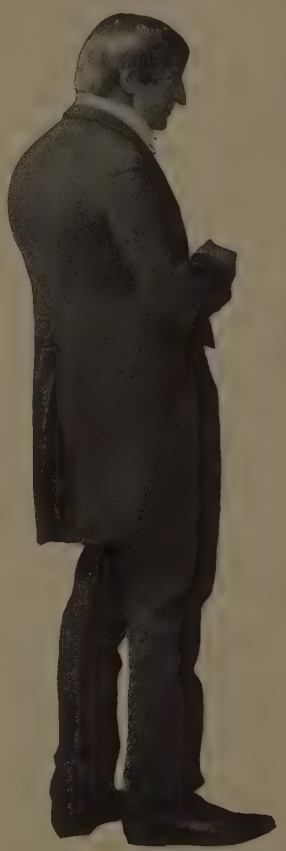
MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN
Who will be seen in New York next season in a new play

Now, nothing is more astonishing than the discipline in a theatre. You may see really distinguished and talented artists refrain from sending the stage manager to the rightabout, and I maintain that more pieces have been ruined by inadequate stage management than by bad acting.—MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON, *in The Nineteenth Century.*

The Actor in the Street

The street has ever been considered the best place to study humanity in its multifarious manifestations. Balzac spent hours in the streets watching different types of people, which later he portrayed in his novels. Actors also go to the street when studying a new character. Kean went to see a notorious felon hanged in order to catch his dying expression of horror and despair. Garrick drew his conception of Lear from life. Richard Mansfield owed his triumph as the Baron Chevrial to painstaking study of the symptoms of senility gone over with a physician. The actor searches for ideas and types in shops, railroad stations, street cars, boats, everywhere. He finds his man, cultivates his acquaintance, and does not leave him for weeks, while the stranger little suspects that he is a model for a new laughable or tragic creation of the stage

WHILE resting down at Far Rockaway last summer, and thinking about his new show, "The Girl Behind the Counter," and how he should characterize his part, that of a hen-pecked husband, who never got ruffled, Lew Fields stumbled across a newsdealer who interested him. One day Mr. Fields got to the newsstand in the midst of a heated argument between the newsdealer and his big wife, who, however, was doing all the talking. The newsdealer never answered back, so long as there was anyone around, merely clasping his hands and walking around his stand. The comedian thought the newsdealer presented the true character of the part he would have in the new piece, and every day went to the newsstand and loafed around watching the newsdealer and his scolding wife. Finally, feeling that he had fully imbibed the eccentricities of the newsdealer, Mr. Fields asked the newsdealer where he got his coat, and if he would sell it. The comedian offered to buy the newsdealer a new coat for the one he wore. The newsdealer looked at him in amazement, but Mr. Fields soon convinced the man that he would buy him a new coat for the old one, and the coat Lew Fields wears in the play is the one the newsdealer had on down at Far Rockaway last summer.



LEW FIELDS
In "The Girl Behind the Counter"

Later in the summer, while rehearsing the piece in the Herald Square Theatre, Mr. Fields, who was to take the part of a floorwalker, walked across the street one day to Macy's department store. There he noticed a floorwalker who, as he put it, "was one of those lady-killers," and there was something about him that appealed to the actor. Standing within hearing, Lew Fields listened to this particular floorwalker directing customers to the various departments of the store. He noticed that the floorwalker paid more attention to the women —"that is," Mr. Fields said, "to the good lookers." After a little, Lew Fields went up to the floorwalker and inquired where the toy department was located. The floorwalker, twirling his mustache with his fingers, looked disdainfully at the comedian and said, simply, "Elevator," and waved him to one side. This struck Lew Fields as funny, as there were several elevators on different sides of the store, and the floorwalker did not say whether the toy department was upstairs or down. Every day for a month Lew Fields visited Macy's and watched this same floorwalker, each day going up to him and asking for the toy department. After awhile the floorwalker began to recognize the comedian, and, as Mr. Fields said, he must have thought me a lunatic, but I kept on asking him for the toy department until I was able to give a true impersonation of this floorwalker on the stage. This is where I got that one line in the play that causes more laughter than any other line: "When a customer asks where anything may be found, just look wise and say 'Elevator'." Lew Fields says it is these little touches that carry a show.

The selection of waiters for the play was a point of serious consideration for Mr. Fields. He could have gone to any restaurant and secured them, but while he wanted regular types, he wanted men who looked like waiters in various restaurants, and who would present a comical scene. There were several applicants, but if they said they could act Lew Fields did not want them. On one hot afternoon he went to the Murray Hill Baths, where he set eyes upon a fat rubber. He thought to himself that here was a man for one of his waiters. The comedian asked the big rubber if he would like a job on the stage, and the man laughed out loud at the suggestion. However, a bargain was quickly made, and this rubber from the baths is one of the hits of the show—he looks so funny. Lew Fields says his type may be found in Beef Steak John's in the Bowery. The short waiter, whom Mr. Fields terms "the finger bowl waiter," walked by the theatre one morning while the comedian and some friends were standing in the lobby. Lew Fields ran after him and asked him if he would like a job. The little fellow was willing enough, and he was added to the show. It was the appearance of this waiter that gave rise to another laugh-provoking line in the piece that always brings down the house: The big fat waiter, after giving orders to the little one, remarks, "It is like talking down a dumbwaiter." George Beban, of the company, said to Mr. Fields one day, "They are the most awful bunch I ever saw in my life," and everyone who has seen the show agrees with him.

In other productions Lew Fields has been as particular to give as life-like portrayals of his characters on the stage, and, he says, this is why his performances, though light in their vein, have been so successful. "It is not enough," said Mr. Fields, "to go on the stage and just read the lines —one must live his part as it is lived in real life. Of course, in the pieces such as I give, which are mostly of a burlesque order, everything is overdone, and exaggerated, but that is all the more reason why those little life-like touches should be given."

While rehearsing for "About Town," Lew Fields one night observed a cabman he saw perched up on his box in front of a well-known Broadway eating place, and followed this particular cabby for days, until he felt certain that he could imitate him on the stage. Later Lew Fields hired a horse and cab early one morning, and got up into the box himself and drove around the Tenderloin as a real cabby.

In a former show when Lew Fields took the part of a tramp, he copied one he had seen going from house to house in a street in Harlem. This tramp, after ringing the doorbell, would start rubbing his hands, standing in a bent-over position, to indicate that he was cold. In the play Mr. Fields rubbed his hands as he had seen the tramp do.

German dialect, one might suppose, is an old story with Lew Fields, but even now he goes frequently to German places and orders a Wiener schnitzel and a stein of beer, and listens for hours to conversations until he strikes some fine type of dialect, then hangs to that fellow and copies his voice, mannerisms and dress, always adapting them to his own. Mr. Fields says that, strange

MR. WILTON LACKAYE

This popular actor has been presenting on the road this past season a dramatization of Hall Caine's novel, "The Bondman"

MINNIE TITTELL BRUNE
Now playing "Peter Pan" in Australia. Has appeared with much success in that country in other plays

VIRGINIA MARSHALL
Appearing as Estelle Puffenkranz in "Nearly a Hero" at the Casino

CLARA BLANDICK
Recently seen at the Garrick Theatre with Cyril Scott in "The Royal Mounted"

as it may seem, to every character he plays he studies some new German dialect and mannerism. He says he finds the old German far more interesting than the young fellows, and always goes where the old ones are to be found.

In his makeup Lew Fields copies an exact line that he has observed in the various places where Germans congregate. He tries never to exaggerate the type beyond reason, always believing that the natural type is the strongest. In this connection, he uses just as little makeup as possible, depending upon his natural wrinkles for facial expressions. He does not believe in making up with lines. "They spoil the effect by hardening the expression," says the comedian.

The gait of different classes of individuals is worthy of observation by an actor, and Lew Fields often follows a person for blocks, walking a little bit behind, studying and gradually getting into that person's peculiar step. To an actor no one thing could be more important than this, for, it has been said, no two persons walk alike. There are marked differences in the carriage of different persons. The tailor is known by his stoop and bandy legs; the jockey by his feeble and tottering step; and so on.

No one can avoid speculating on the faces and appearances of those he meets in the streets. The whole mass of persons form a picture of almost infinite detail, and an inexhaustible fund of amusement.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

Hallen
OSWALD YORKE
Recently seen as Boolby in Clyde Fitch's play "Toddles" at the Garrick

Sykes
HARRY FAIRLEIGH
Who appeared as Lieutenant Niki in "A Waltz Dream" at the Broadway

Hopkins
FORREST ORR
Seen as William Rufus Morewood in "Father and the Boys" at the Empire

Hall
LAWRENCE WHEAT
Played Joe Westcott in "50 Miles from Boston," seen in "The College Widow"

ony

PAULINE FREDERICK

en recently in support of Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold." Miss Frederick is a Boston girl, and made her début with the Rogers Brothers. In 1904 she joined w Fields' company, succeeding Blanche Ring in "It Happened in Nordland." Later she was seen in "The Little Gray Lady" and also in "The Girl in White." Next season she will appear again in "Twenty Days in the Shade"

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. JOHN MASON

John Mason—an Actor of Strong Personality

"WHEN you have made a success, find out what that little something is that differentiated you from the others that did not succeed. There was something, probably an almost inconsiderable something, in the sum of things. When you have determined what it is, sift out of your composition all the other little somethings that detract from or nullify it."

This is the essence of John Mason's advice to the actor who stops at the open door of a career and asks for counsel from those who are older and wiser in the profession than he.

Read a great deal rather than study a character too much, for Mr. Mason believes that a part can be overstudied, robbing the portrayal that ensues of spontaneity, while by no possibility can an actor know too much. A character should be a vivid, changeful portrait painted against a background of wide knowledge and deep wisdom of life.

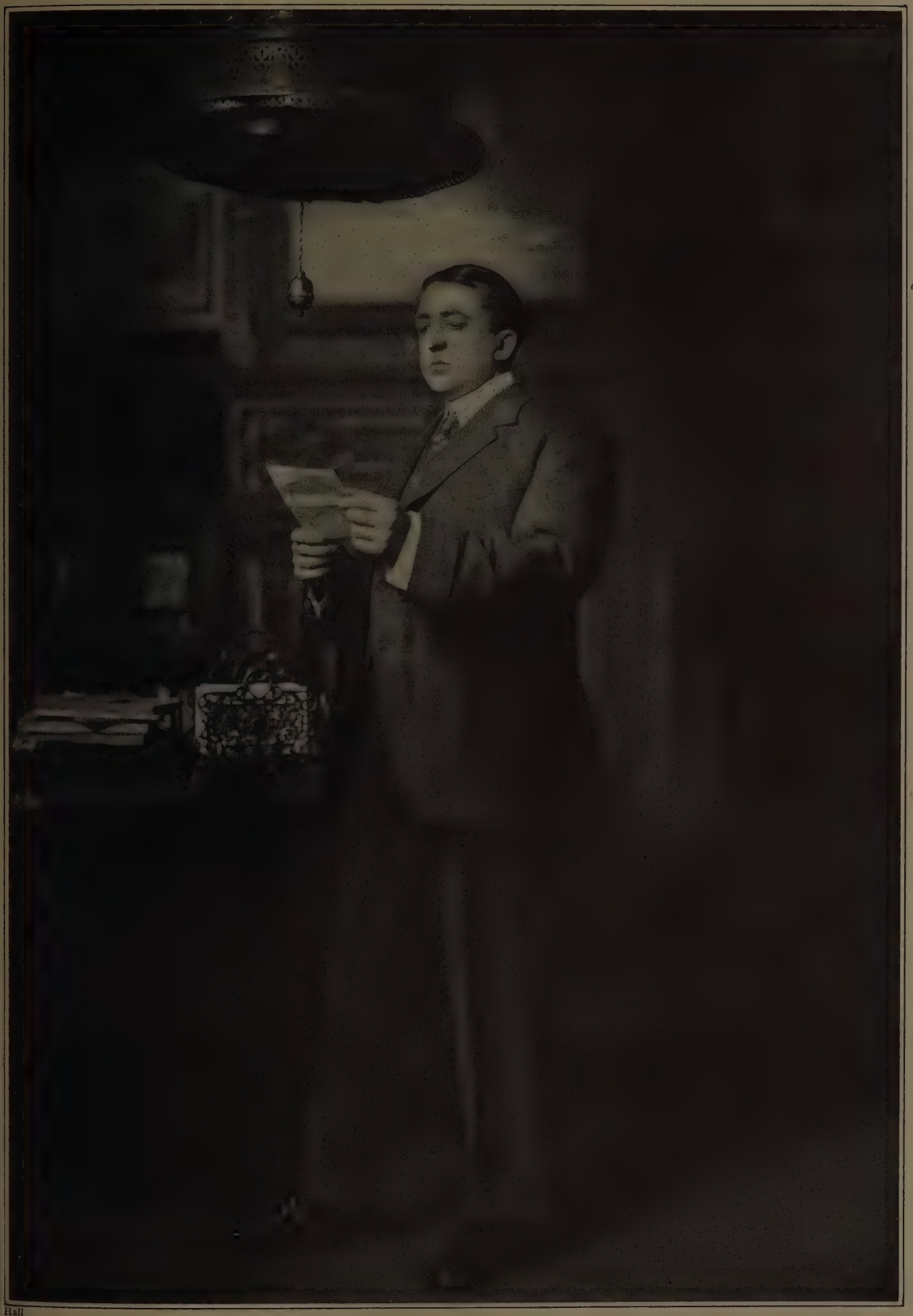
Gift plus experience is his formula for histrionic success. "We hear that this man or that is not so good an actor as he was a year ago. That is impossible. A man who is playing continuously must be a better actor than he was a year ago, a much better actor than ten years ago. An actor in my company tells me I played Antony just as well ten years ago as I played Brookfield in 'The Witching Hour' last night. That is impossible. No actor can stand still. If he plays he must go forward. It is only the player who loafs who does not become a better actor every season than the last. It's hard work that counts."

That he is a better actor than he would become if he was beginning to tread the boards to-day he is convinced. "Playing every kind of part, and playing it often, is what makes a good actor," he asserts. "The man who joins a stock company, and plays a different part every week for forty weeks, certainly has a better start than the one who is associated with a popular success, and plays but one part."

A RARE PICTURE OF JOHN MASON AS A BOY

He is an errant disciple of Robert Louis Stevenson. The author "believed all women should marry, but no men." The actor says "Marriage is not for the player. At least not for the actress. The conditions of her artistic life do not fit her for domesticity. If an actor marries he should marry some quiet little home body. The reason is plain. What makes a marriage is one interest. If an actor marries an actress there are two interests, his career and hers. Besides they separate, having to play in different companies. When they meet for their summer vacation together, she talks of the interesting young man who handled the company. He tells her of his good friend, the second comedienne. He isn't interested in the interesting young man who handled their company, and she isn't interested in the second comedienne. The result is what might be expected."

That which makes one actor greater than another is a divine inheritance. It cannot be acquired. A man comes on the stage and plays



Hall

JOHN MASON AS JACK BROOKFIELD, THE GAMBLER, IN "THE WITCHING HOUR"

the bit as a servant. Perhaps he only places a tray on the table and walks out again, but if he has this indescribable something you watch him while he is on the stage. You look for his name on the program. Perhaps it isn't there. You remember him, and if you see him in another play in another theatre you welcome him. This is Mr. Mason's illustration.

His definition is, "I don't know, but if a man hasn't it in a great degree he would better leave the stage." Is it force? Is it personality? Is it animal magnetism? Is it merely overflowing life, abundant vitality? Mr. John Mason, who the last star he supported before he rose to the high heavens of his own stardom declared has more of this mysterious essence than any man on the stage, shook his head helplessly at the theories. With the wisdom of the wise, the courage of the brave, he answered: "I don't know."

He cited Steele Mackaye's distinction between talent and genius. "Genius is the lump of precious ore. Talent is the gold refined, and with the stamp of the coin of usefulness upon it."

These constitute his dramatic creed. What manner of man is he who entertains it and who is regarded as one of the most versatile, ripened and finished actors on the American stage, whose playing of the rôle of Jack Brookfield, the gambler hero with the nerve of iron, has placed the play of occultism, "The Witching Hour," in the van of the season's successes?

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CARRIE BOWMAN

A clever dancer in "Miss Hook of Holland," seen recently in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer"

Heredity is a cornerstone of character. John Mason's cornerstone is a musical one. Logically he should have been singing his lines at the Metropolitan Opera House instead of speaking them at the Hackett Theatre. His grandfather was Lowell Mason, the great hymnist who wrote *Nearer, My God, to Thee*. William Mason, the dean of New York composers and organists, is his uncle. All his forebears for several generations were members of a piano manufacturing concern that bore his name. The youngster developed an admirable baritone voice. Yet his father chose that he should be a lawyer. Fate or John Mason's bent juggled with heredity. The youth was tossed into the lap of Drama.

He was born at Orange, N. J. When asked whether he is an American he answered, with a dubious shake of the head, "Yes, if New Jersey is in the United States." Five of the ten years that followed he spent at school in Germany. He was placed in the hands of a tutor on his return to America. He entered a preparatory school for Columbia, and being conditioned in English grammar, spent a summer wrestling with English infinitives and participial forms, instead of the accusatives and datives of the German. Columbia he entered at eighteen. He might have finished the course and become the lawyer, destiny in the form of the parental mandate had decreed, had it not been for the leaven and a young woman who had belonged to the same amateur dramatic club as himself.

The leaven had begun working when he was ten years old, and with his cousin he had gone to the theatre for the first time. The play was "Rosedale," the theatre Wallack's, the star Lester Wallack. Though the feet of the youngsters swung some eighteen inches from the floor, their muscles were not more tense than their minds. They were the most eager auditors in the house. It was at that matinée that the leaven of the dramatic leaning began to stir within John Mason.

A few years later a kindly friend of the growing youngster's mother, learning of this bent, invited him to a luncheon to meet Lester Wallack and Harry Montague, the greatest matinée idol of them all. The boy breathed faintly his ambitions to the great Wallack. Mr. Wallack replied: "I never engage anyone who has had no experience." "What would you advise him to do?" asked the hostess. "Go into the provinces and learn to act," was the response of the dramatic oracle of that time. The leaven, chilled though it was, survived. When the youth four months after he entered the college met a young woman who had belonged to the same amateur dramatic club as himself, and she said, "Do you want to go on the stage?" the leaven burst its bounds. "I do," he responded as solemnly as though he were plighting his

Armstrong, Boston

THOMAS WISE

Popular comedian seen as Mr. Hook in "Miss Hook of Holland," recently at the Criterion Theatre

Moffett, Chicago

CECIL LEAN

Who is playing a leading rôle in "Honeymoon Trail" in Chicago. Recently seen in "The Soul Kiss"

Otto Sarony Co.

VERA MICHELENA

The original girl in "The Girl Behind the Counter," who appeared later as Princess Helena in "A Waltz Dream"

Tyler

ROBERT MacKAY

Who will again be seen in "Father and the Boys." Formerly the original Tom Pierson in "The College Widow"

Draycott, Oxford

EDITH OSTLERE

Seen recently as Mrs. Lagardes in "The Thief," and who will appear in a London production under the Frohman management

wedded troth at the altar. He could hardly restrain his eagerness.

The young woman who had graduated from dramatic obscurity to professional importance, and become the leading woman of the company, secured for him an engagement in a play called "The Pride of the Market," at what is now Daly's Theatre. It was the father of the panorama, Bravden, who engaged him to double as two servants at eight dollars a week. When the play closed after a week's run the budding actor found five dollars in his pay envelope. He asked for eight. The manager informed him that he was dashed lucky to get the five, which was more than some of the older and better actors had received. Discouraged, the frost-bitten actor returned to Columbia College. It was John Saville, the aged actor, at whose benefit Mr. Mason recently appeared, whom he regards as a dramatic father. He gave him his second chance and taught him the strange art of makeup.

There followed the usual rough travel over devious ways of the beginner in any craft. Then came the period of dramatic education in that excellent school, from which have been graduated many actors of high repute and luminous attainments, the Boston Museum. There were ten years of this training broken by three years of traveling support of Edwin Booth and lesser stars and membership with the Union Square Theatre Stock Company. At the Museum, Lester Wallack met again the youth whom he had counseled to go to the provinces, and who played the old man, although the star murmured at his lack of years.

At this time, Mr. Mason had determined to leave the stage. The family fortunes had increased. He went abroad intending to enjoy the pleasures of the leisure class. But he reckoned without the dramatic leaven, and in London George Alexander played the part of the girl who in New York had asked the youth if he wanted to go upon the stage. Again John Mason answered "Yes," and he appeared in a company of English players, playing the only American rôle in "The Idlers." London welcomed him, and kept him in various companies for two years.

Then came an essay in the opera "Friend Fritz" and a dip into vaudeville, a return to the legitimate chiefly in "The Christian," a joining of fortunes with the Lyceum Stock Company when it played in the theatre that has been built about the theatre of his début. Of that period of stock work at Daly's many recall his admirable rendition of the title rôle in "The Ambassador."

There ensued a brief starship in "The Altar of Friendship," four years as leading man with Mrs. Fiske, including the production of "Leah Kleschna," "The New York Idea," and "Rosmersholm," and a semi-season with Virginia Harned in "Anna Karenina," and then the present prosperous vehicle which the star apostrophizes as "that blessed Witching Hour—the hardest part I ever played, the one, at least, that most taxes my strength." Such is his characterization of John Brookfield in that play.

A professionally impertinent one asked him, "What is that something in yourself which has made you a superior actor?" He replied with an embarrassed smile and his accustomed, "I don't know." By way of oral postscript he added: "People say I have a stock of good nature. I hope it is true. If it isn't any help to my art it oils the grinding wheels of life. And whatever keeps the mind calm makes thinking more accurate and forceful. So perhaps it is an aid in one's art, if you are good-natured enough to call acting an art."

John Mason breathes life into every rôle that is entrusted to him. Not only has he personal magnetism, but also an enormous capacity for taking pains. R. S.

Fowler, Evanston

FLORENCE BRADLEY

Leading woman in Donald Robertson's stock company at Ravina Park, Chicago

Mlle. Lecuyer Mlle. Sylvérine Mlle. Lely M. Janvier Mme. Jane Evan

CLIMAX TO ACT II IN "LA SACRIFIEE," A PLAY BY GASTON DEVORE, RECENTLY PRODUCED WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT THE THEATRE ANTOINE IN PARIS, AND WHICH MR. FROHMAN IS SAID TO HAVE SECURED FOR PRODUCTION IN NEW YORK

M. Baudricourt has three daughters, the "sacrifiée" of the title being the last born, Jeannine, whose birth had not been desired by her parents. Suzanne, the second girl, is her parents' favorite, and when the banker Roizel proposes a match between his son and Suzanne the Baudricourts, believing that Roizel is able to give his son the $400,000 talked of, not only consent to the marriage, but promise the whole of the sum they had reserved as marriage portions for the three girls. Jeannine, meanwhile, forms an attachment for her father's foreman, Dorville, but as no attention is paid to her when she broaches the subject to her father who, for the time being, has only one idea in his head, she gives herself to Dorville. Ultimately Dorville renders the family the service of exposing the true character of the banker who, far from being rich, is in dire straits for money. The marriage is broken off. Baudricourt then offers Dorville the $60,000 he originally destined for each girl, but he and Jeannine prefer their liberty, and so they elect to go their own road

The First Season of a Stage Débutante

IN the popular mind, one of the great advantages of theatrical life is that it enables you to "see the country." The suggestion is fascinating, indeed. From Broadway to the Pacific Ocean, the actor may enjoy a pleasant trip at the expense of someone else. All the wonders of this great land are spread before him. Without even the trouble of carrying a railroad or steamboat ticket, he rides through every state in the Union—perhaps into Canada in the north and Mexico in the south—and the philanthropic manager foots the bills!

The player has only to enjoy himself! He may marvel at Niagara, skim across or skirt the Great Lakes, spend a week or two in Chicago, explore the Yellowstone, dash over the Rockies, stand under the "Big Trees" of Calaveras, scent the fragrance of orange groves, linger in the awful silence of the Grand Canyon and shudder near the breathless wastes of the alkali desert. He may get a glimpse of the land of the Montezumas across the Rio Grande, haply have a brush with the Yaqui Indians and witness the roping of wild cattle in Texas. Then to New Orleans, and so, by palace steamer up the Mississippi, home again.

An attractive picture, this. It is woven in your dreams, as you, a young girl about to make your first venture "on the road," sleep soundly in your cheap theatrical boarding house, within a stone's throw of Times Square. You are awakened by a loud knock at your door.

"Trunks!" roars someone outside.

You jump out of bed and fling on some clothes, as you recall that the order went forth at rehearsal yesterday afternoon, "Trunks at seven o'clock."

It is a quarter to seven, for the pair of husky young Irishmen who clump downstairs with your two trunks have to collect nearly a hundred others before they depart for the Jersey City railroad terminal, and yours happens to be the first place on their list.

Your little, barely-furnished bedroom looks more desolate than ever now that your personal property has been removed, and you hope the cold water of your hasty ablutions will take the redness out of your eyes, as you prepare for the street. But there is no time to waste. The "call" is for eight o'clock at the Jersey City depot, and you want to stop at a restaurant for a cup of coffee and rolls before you go down to the ferry. It will be chill and dreary on the river at this hour on a December morning. The whole thing is very miserable, and you cannot help thinking how different it is at home in the New England town you left so hopefully three months before. But you have your "art" to sustain you, and bravely you trudge to Broadway to get your breakfast, with your hand satchel slung by a strap from your shoulder. The satchel is an essential part of personal road equipment. There are times, among the one-night stands, when one may not get hold of one's "hotel trunk" for three or four weeks at a stretch. If it were not for the few articles carried in the satchel, there would be no change of linen for you in all that time.

You know something about these things, for this is not your first engagement. Soon after your arrival in New York in September, you were accepted as a member of the chorus of the "Girl from Monte Carlo" company. You rehearsed five weeks, and, as there was no salary during this period, you were glad indeed when the first performance was given in a city in the Pennsylvania anthracite regions, to "try it on the dog." Well, "the season" lasted two weeks. "It was not the fault of the show," as the manager explained, volubly, to all who would listen. "The Syndicate gave us bad bookings, and we have come back to New York to reorganize and arrange for better time."

You will learn, if you remain "in the business," that most

Sarony

MISS PERCY HASWELL

Seen recently at the Hudson Theatre in support of Otis Skinner as Flora Brazier in "The Honor of the Family." Miss Haswell has been prominent on the American stage for a number of years. She was formerly with Augustin Daly, and has been identified with many important metropolitan productions. She is very popular in Washington, where she headed for a long time a local stock company. In private life she is the wife of George Fawcett, the well-known actor

T. Kajiwara
CHARLES A. MILLWARD
Played Dick Johnson in "The Girl of the Golden West" and seen recently with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "DuBarry" and "Adrea"

theatrical failures are the fault of the "Syndicate," according to traveling managers and actors. Being new to it, however, you accept the time-worn excuse as gospel, and are glad to get your present place with "The Tournament of Love" company, especially as you have a "part." True, the part is only five lines, but it lifts you out of the ranks of the chorus, making fourteen other girls jealous, and surely that is worth while.

When you reach the railroad station in Jersey City, you find your manager — his hat on the back of his head and a wild look in his eye—counting the members of the company as they pass through the gate. You are "Number thirty-one," and he and the gateman both check you off with the other live "props." Then you are abruptly directed to "Get aboard that train over to the left, where the others are." You obey. You find a seat by the side of a girl you rather like, and wait for the train to start. The chatter and prevailing atmosphere of good-fellowship warm you. There are a few persons in the car who do not belong to "The Tournament of Love," and they are evidently sympathetically interested in the high spirits of the company. The gentlemen are solicitous for the comfort of the ladies, and the ladies laugh at the jokes of the gentlemen with a heartiness that is most flattering. As Mabel Ponsford says: "It is just one big family."

Mabel Ponsford is the girl sharing your seat, and she is inclined to be gushing. There are few theatrical companies faring forth from New York to seek fortune on the road in which some one does not prematurely make this "big family" observation. There is not much class distinction at this stage of the tour. The principals are friendly with the chorus — perhaps a thought too ostentatiously friendly, as if they were determined that their democratic spirit should not be doubted. The chorus, on the other hand, smile gratefully at the prima donna, the principal soubrette, the leading comedian, the tenor, and others who will occupy the front row in the ensembles, while those who have very small parts, like yourself, and are therefore uncertain of their status, merely acquiesce, without taking an active part in the conversation. Quips and quirks are passed from seat to seat. One of the comedians—not the star—struts behind the brakeman, mimicking his movements down the aisle, and a chorus man pretends he is about to pull the bell-cord. These bits of comedy "business" draw forth shouts of laughter.

Suddenly, as the conductor cries "All aboard!" there is a scuffling outside, and the manager, wilder-eyed and more disheveled than ever, drags two girls to the train and hauls them upon the platform just as the car moves.

"If this ever occurs again, I will fine you two dollars apiece," he tells them, as he drops into a seat and begins to look over a bundle of letters he takes from his overcoat pocket. He is more or less engaged with these letters throughout the journey. It is an idiosyncrasy of the traveling manager to be engaged in this way whenever he is on a train. Perhaps it is his way of proclaiming to the world that he is above being interested in the passing scenery. The head of a touring theatrical company is nothing if not blasé.

Morrison, Chicago
SALLIE FISHER
Appearing in "A Stubborn Cinderella," and lately seen in "A Knight for a Day"

The day passes monotonously. From time to time, the brakeman flings open the door, disturbing the fetid air with a breezy whiff of outdoors and raucously shouting the name of a station. Otherwise there is little to disturb the dreary sameness of the journey. The thump-thump of the wheels, the maddening swaying of the bell cord, the rattling of the loosely-set windows, and the frequent, mournful tooting of the engine—all these sounds get on your nerves by the afternoon, and you begin to doubt whether seeing the country in this way is a joyous experience, after all.

Your fellow-travelers — they cannot be called companions — are an uninteresting assemblage. The women are all trying to sleep, usually in cramped, uncomfortable attitudes, which they change frequently, occasionally dropping a comb over the back of the seat. The few men who have not retreated to the smoking car tell each other interminable yarns of hits they made in former seasons, or nod slumberously. Everyone is tired. The geniality so evident at the beginning of the trip has all evaporated. There has been a feeble attempt at lunching by some of the way-

Scott, Covent Garden
WALTER HAMPDEN
Seen as Manson in "The Servant in the House." Previously seen with Mme. Nazimova in repertoire and also with Viola Allen.

THE "RUSTIC THEATRE," MONTGOMERY FALLS, NEAR QUEBEC

farers about now, and cracker crumbs, orange peel and other gastronomic débris litter several of the window sills.

It is dusk when the manager puts away his interminable letters with a jerk and stands up.

"Get ready, everybody," he commands. "We'll be there in ten minutes."

One by one, the sleepy, rumpled young women, who will blossom so gorgeously in the calcium lights in "The Tournament of Love" a few hours later, struggle into sitting attitudes, stretch themselves, ask each other, "Where is this yap burg we play in?" and fall to brushing the crumbs out of their laps. Then they essay the hopeless task of straightening their tumbled coiffures, and do the best they can with their hats. You follow the general example, but your hair and your hat never were so obstinate, and you are obliged to confess to yourself that you and your sister artists are a frowsy-looking lot, however talented you may be.

Meanwhile the manager is eagerly scanning every board fence, shed, and other space doing duty as a billboard, for his "paper." Of course, he does not see as much as he thinks there should be. He never does. Unless the whole town were plastered with "stands" and "three sheets" announcing in four colors, pictorially and by letterpress, the coming to the Opera House of "The Tournament of Love," he would feel that he had been "badly billed." It is another of the weaknesses of the traveling manager that he is never satisfied with the work of the billposter. Before he alights at the station and sees that his baggage man and the town transfer agent have come together to move the scenery and trunks to the theatre he has noted carefully in how many places that can be seen from the railroad his show bills have been put up. He will talk wrathfully to the billposter later.

As soon as he is satisfied that the scenery, "props" and costume trunks are fairly on their way to the stage of the Opera House, he leaves things to the stage manager, and marches off majestically to the hotel by himself. He may, on his way, drop into the drug store where the advance sale of tickets is in progress—the plan of the theatre auditorium sometimes being designed on a board, with holes into which tacks are dropped to indicate seats sold. Usually, the manager is dissatisfied with the size of the sale. He sees many holes free of tacks, and his soul rebels. Even the cheerful optimism of the drug clerk, who tells him that "Our people like to buy their tickets at night as they go in. We never have a large advance sale," does not remove the gloom from his brow, and he goes out growling! "This town never was any good. They won't turn out to see anything except 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' or 'Old Si Plunkett.' I see where we lose money here." By the time he gets to the theatre at night, where he watches the door and box office alternately, he is so grumpy that it is just as well for the actors he has no time to spend on the stage.

You are so tired and dispirited as you follow the others to the hotel in a side street where supper is to be served that you are grateful to a handsome young fellow in the company who offers to relieve you of your satchel. It has become very heavy, somehow. You know that this good-looking youth is the assistant stage manager, and that his name is Flynn. He has a touch-and-go easy manner that generally appeals to the feminine heart, and although he is bullied perpetually by the stage manager, his

immediate superior, he never loses his mental poise. Sometimes he "comes back" at his tormentor, and there is a royal set-to for a few minutes. Then he has comparative peace for a day or two. He is a favorite with all the girls in the company already, although none have been able to capture him.

"But then, my dear, the season has not begun yet," as Mabel Ponsford has remarked to you on the train. "He is sure to show a preference for someone, and then it will be the easy thing for hers. Once a stage manager or assistant begins to carry a girl's satchel, she need not worry. She'll go to the front so quickly that she is liable to be understudy for the prima donna before we have been out a month. That's a cinch."

Now that this good-humored young man, who bears up against the depressing influence of this typical one-night stand by the sheer force of his buoyant spirits, is carrying your satchel, you remember all this, and you wonder whether you are doing right. He calls you "dear," and tells you that the hotel is one of the "punkiest" in Pennsylvania, but that he has a friend in the kitchen to whom he gave a ticket when he was here last season, who will see that you have a good meal. You hear tittering behind you, and you glance over your shoulder. You catch such expressions as "She's the cute kid, all right!" "Didn't take her long to get her work in!" "It's her first season, but she knows how to make a hit with the stage manager," and so on.

Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

RICHARD CARLE

As Leander Lamb, and some of the chorus, in his new play "Mary's Lamb" at the New York Theatre

Your face flushes hotly. But you cannot help yourself. Mr. Flynn is consideration and kindness personified. He proves that he really can obtain extra attentions for you at the hotel, and he does not force his presence upon you either. A cup of coffee, and away he goes to the theatre, for there is not much time in which to get the stage set for the opening act, and he has a busy time for two hours. You hear afterward that the scenery is too high for the stage, that there are not enough "lines" for the "drops," that the lighting is inadequate, and that the stage has not enough depth. Also, the dressing rooms are cold and too few in number. This last complaint, you find, as you go on, is made in nearly every town in which you play.

When you reach the theatre, you find the stage manager and his assistant trying desperately to adjust a dispute between the prima donna and the leading soubrette, as to which shall dress in the "star dressing room." Usually these two important personages share the coveted chamber, but in this town it is too small for both. The difficulty is finally adjusted, somehow. You do not know on what terms, but as you hear that the soubrette has given her "two weeks' notice," and see the prima donna wearing an expression of bovine calmness, you can guess.

The performance passes off smoothly enough. You deliver your five lines, but as they are drowned in roars of laughter caused by some impromptu antics on the part of the leading comedian, you cannot judge of their effect on the audience. Mabel Ponsford consoles you in the dressing room with the information that comedians often do that kind of thing when an unimportant person is speaking. You indulge in a few bitter tears, and wonder why he, so popular, could not afford to give poor little you a small chance. You see, you have not yet become familiar with stage jealousies, and particularly, you do not know how selfish the average comic opera comedian can be. You will learn in time that the lust for applause outweighs with him every other consideration. Then you will realize that the stage custom of calling you by your surname, without the prefix "Miss," is of a piece with the utter disregard of the ordinary claims of sex, which the comedian exhibits when it is a question of hiding you from the audience behind his own effulgent person.

"Well, kid, I congratulate you," is the cheery greeting you get from Flynn, as, "after the show," you leave the stuffy dressing room, redolent of grease paint and overheated humanity, which you have shared with five other girls. "You've made a hit with the manager. He says you have intelligence and grace, as well as a voice, and he is going to fatten your part. The other girls all gone? Well, I'll walk to the hotel with you. We'll have some hot coffee in your room. That cook will do anything for me."

The easy assumption of the young man that you will entertain him in your hotel room at midnight startles you. But you have heard enough of the free-and-easy *camaraderie* of the road to know that the conventionalities are sometimes strained without evil intent, and you accept the situation as gracefully as you can.

Before the season is a month old, you have grown used to these room parties, and many is the afternoon Flynn spends with you, often lolling in your room with a cigar in his mouth, while you sit at the window, sewing or letter writing. There is a suggestion of cozy domesticity about this sort of thing, which is perhaps the most dangerous condition that a young girl "on the road" ever encounters. It is delightful, but decidedly unsafe. It makes for confidences which were better ungiven. The heart hunger so well known to every young actress, who has been through the dreary waste of one-night stands, week after week, seeks solace, and who is so well able to offer it as this handsome Flynn, whose voice is always vibrant with sympathy, and whose eyes look what both he and you believe to be merely "brotherly" affection? He has taken to calling you "Sis," as he pinches your arm or smoothes your hair, and you address him as "Bob."

If the season only had ended then, perhaps there never would have arisen the question that you only can answer now. God grant that you have been strong!

GEO. C. JENKS.

It is precisely because in the best of Shakespeare's plays the central idea is clear that they are often more modern than a modern play. A certain aspect of human nature, a certain clash of soul appealed to his mind, and he set about expressing it through his drama. This clash is still modern, for it was never of any day, but of all time.—*Daily News.*

ARNOLD DALY AS OWEN CONWAY IN OWEN KILDARE'S PLAY "THE REGENERATION"

A Chat with Old Josh Whitcomb

INTERVIEWS WITH PLAYERS No. 61

IT was on the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birthday. Denman Thompson sat in a big armchair in the lobby of a hotel receiving congratulations from men of a younger generation. A smiling, black-eyed woman hovered solicitously about him. She was his daughter and alter ego, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

The hotel was sumptuous. The servants were soft-footed and obsequious. Echoes of the roar of a many-voiced city poured in through the wide, grilled door. Yet about Denman Thompson was the flavor of the country.

His loose-fitting light gray suit was fashioned with a primary view to comfort. His full cheeks bore the red of ripe apples. His hair suggested the unsullied snow of the smokeless country. His eyes were of the honest blue that sends our thoughts winging toward the gentians in the country fields and the sky roofing an expanse of country. The man who on that day had compassed seventy-four years of life is one of few and brief sentences.

"I am glad that I'm alive. Glad that I'm well." This was his birthday sentiment, the thought uppermost in his mind. "I am glad that I am still able to play. I expect to go on playing for twenty years. I know no reason why I shouldn't be playing in 'The Old Homestead' when I am ninety-five. I expect to stand longer than the theatre where I am playing this engagement, The Academy of Music."

"Have you any message to the stage or to the world on your seventy-fourth birthday?"

"I don't believe I could frame any message." The author of "The Old Homestead" wrinkled his smooth brow in an effort to concentrate. "No, it's no use. I feel as I felt when Robert Ingersoll died. I tried to write half a dozen telegrams and tore them all up. I was not able to convey what I thought. I explained and apologized to Mrs. Ingersoll afterwards. I had been a great admirer and friend of the Colonel. His portrait is in the hall of my home. It was because I felt so deeply that I could not express that feeling. To-day I am so full of gratitude for my good health that I am not able to express it."

Marceau

DENMAN THOMPSON AND HIS GRANDCHILD

"Then you are happy on your seventy-fourth birthday?"

"I am very happy."

"Perhaps you can tell the secret of happiness."

"I think I can. The way to be happy is to be healthy—to have a healthy body and mind. To be happy one must think sanely."

"And the road to health?"

"The road to health is the simple, regular life."

Mrs. Fitzgerald smilingly interposed. "What you were saying this morning is a good birthday message, father."

"Yes, yes. It's my favorite stanza. It runs like this:

> 'Live for those who love you,
> For those whose hearts are true,
> For the heaven that smiles above you
> And the good that you may do.'

"That's it. That's my message to the world on my seventy-fourth birthday.

"We may look far and near for the joy of life, but I know now that I derived the greatest joy from my simple home and family life. The secret of my own health and happiness is regular living.

"Friendship has played a large part in my life, because I wanted to believe in it. That is the value of friendship. It isn't in what your friends can, or will, do for you, but it's in believing in them that the value of friendship lies.

"I have never belonged to any secret society in my life. I have never joined any church. All churches, I concluded a long time ago, are making the same race. I help all of them when I can. That's the reason I keep on playing, so that I can give more."

Denman Thompson smiled one of his odd, brief smiles when he was asked: "Have you any system of giving?"

"No, I have no system. I give where I think it is needed, and I give what I am able to give."

"Especially in your own profession?"

"No more there than anywhere else. I need no system of giving. I don't need to go out and seek the people who need. They come to me."

"Are you ever imposed upon?" inquired the interviewer.

SAM BERNARD AS THE LITTLE TAILOR IN "NEARLY A HERO," AT THE CASINO

"Yes, but I'd rather be imposed upon now and then than to withhold help where it is necessary."

"Another reason I am playing is to save my children a lot of letter writing. People write them thousands of letters asking them how long I've been dead. I've got to play to let 'em know I'm alive. You've no idea what a lot of trouble it saves."

"That's true." Mrs. Fitzgerald smiled corroboration.

"Besides, I like it. I enjoy that dance I do every night. I've been playing Josh Whitcomb for thirty-three years, and we're still good friends. I don't get tired of an old friend—why should I of an old part? Joseph Jefferson stuck to Rip Van Winkle and never tired of him. The difference between my friend Jim O'Neill of Monte Cristo, and Jefferson, and myself, is that Jim got tired of taking in the money, and Joe and I didn't.

"The reason for the long life of 'The Old Homestead' lies in the play itself. My acting has nothing to do with it. The understudy can go on and play the part and the public will never know the difference. It's the play itself. The play succeeded because I wrote of the things about me. People like to see plays of what they know. Who cares about what happened in Europe six thousand years ago?"

Mr. Thompson was reminded that he was another of the actors who have written successful plays.

"Actors should be able to write the best plays," said he. "They have the technique at their minds' ends, if they are not egotists. I have a friend who told me he had material for one of the best plays of the generation. He said it was sure to make a great hit.

" 'Why do you think so?' I asked, suspecting what the answer was likely to be.

" 'Because,' he answered, 'it is the story of my own life.'

" 'That interests you, of course, but will it interest the public?' I asked.

"The public answered the question. The play ran a small fraction of a week. The man's egotism had blinded him. That is the trouble with actors. They would rather play Hamlet to empty benches than a lesser part to full houses and a full purse. An egotist goes about the world wearing blinders and, of course, stumbles.

"The story of my life is well known. When I was playing in New York the first year of 'The Old Homestead,' I heard street cries one night and asked whether there was a riot.

"They're selling 'The Life of Denman Thompson,' I was told. 'Go out and buy them all up,' I said. 'If people come to the play they're doing enough. I won't let them be forced to buy my 'Life.' I bought up the whole edition of the books, seven thousand of them, and I've been giving them away ever since. You shall have one."

De Marchi Carlo

SIGNOR GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA

Who resigned the directorship of La Scala de Milano, which he held for ten years, to assume the duties of general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York

The old paper-bound book with its quaint wood cuts of the scenes of the play and the serious, smooth-shaven face of Denman Thompson at twenty-six, arrived. Turning its pages one finds this, Eugene Field's estimate of "The Old Homestead" and its author:

"The play of 'The Old Homestead' is one which can be enjoyed over and over again. Every time some new and delicate beauty appears, or some pleasant memory is awakened, or some sweet fancy suggested. Certain it is that no other play before us at the time abounds in such wholesome material as we find in the homely pictures and the genial humor and pathos presented by Denman Thompson.

"Amid all the changes and fluctuations to which our stage has been subjected, there has obtained a strong demand for a purely American drama—a play which should truthfully illustrate a type of humanity. This demand is fully answered in 'The Old Homestead,' a production so complete in naturalness that it seems not a play but actual bits of Yankeedom and of Yankee flesh and blood plucked from the Down East and spread before us for our delectation and benefit. Denman Thompson does not act. He is. Until he gave us Uncle Josh, the Yankee of the playhouse was simply a buffoonish freak, to be ranked with the conventional negro minstrel and the typical stage Irishman.

"He is an old friend come back from the hills that once did girt us round about, and he has transplanted patches of our old New England. We seem to breathe once more the atmosphere of those old hills, and we seem to hear the humming of bees and to scent the fragrance of lilacs and wintergreen. We laugh riotously, for it is fun to be boys and girls again, but we cry, too, for in all we see and hear there is so much of suggestion. We see more than our eyes behold, and hear more than that which falls upon our ears; faces that are dust now, voices which were hushed long ago—these are the sights and these the sounds recalled by the magic of Denman Thompson's art.

> God bless ye, Denman Thompson, for the good ye do our hearts
> With this music and these memories of youth—
> God bless ye for the faculty that tops all human arts,
> The good old Yankee faculty of truth."

Motorists touring New England always slow up at Swanzey in New Hampshire. Sometimes the honk-honk of the horn ceases and the machine pants and trembles at the very gate of a fine old rambling house with extensive and beautiful grounds. The pause is made that a sturdy though venerable figure walking about the grounds or basking on the sunny veranda may be snapshot.

"I've been snapshot oftener than any man outside the Rogues' Gallery," said the actor-author. "I had a narrow escape from the Rogues' Gallery. It was only because I defied tradition that

I am here instead of in the penitentiary or in a convict's grave. The descent from a New England farm is easy. It is a proverb, 'Go with a threshing machine, join a circus and get hung.' I went with the threshing machine and joined the circus. I suppose it was because I was lucky that the other didn't happen. I never lost sight of the old farm in all the seventy-four years. I always went back to it every year. Once mother and I thought it would be convenient to have a home in New York City. We bought a nice horse on Seventieth street, but we only looked at that, and went back to Swanzey to live. My best friends are those I knew there as a boy, and who are old fellows like myself now. It's the friends you make in your youth that last.

"Another boy and myself deserted the threshing machine for the circus. He's in the Home for Incurables now. I saw him the other day. I was a property boy and tossed globes and things around for a year. I left because I couldn't live on nothing. I played in New York at the Amphitheatre. Then I joined a stock company at Lowell, Mass. For a good while I was a stock star at Toronto. I played Uncle Tom in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Mrs. Fitzgerald there played Little Eva. Then I wrote the sketch about Josh Whitcomb's visit to Boston, and after awhile George Ryer and I made it into a play.

"I don't know how much the play has earned for me. I made the money and spent it and kept no account. But I have no quarrel with it. It has kept, and will keep me, comfortable."

ADA PATTERSON.

THE CHORUS OF THE MINEOLA GUARDS IN "THE MERRY-GO-ROUND"

On a Tour of One-night Stands

By GEORGE BACKUS

Please call me at five,
What's that? Man alive!
Don't say there's no breakfast so early.
A four hours' ride
With nothing inside,
No wonder the actor feels surly.

It serves me dead right,
I must have been tight
When I 'signed' to leave Broadway.
The manager swore
Just a week and no more
Of one-night stands would we play.

In Roanoke
It seemed a joke
When I saw the route 'for fair'—
From Nashville, Tenn.,
To Scranton, Penn.,
A 'sleeper-car' jump to Eau Claire.

And here I am
In Birmingham,
I play the leading part.
Tho' I get 'three figures,'
We work like niggers,
And I don't give a hang for my art.

With thoughts of this kind
Red-hot in my mind
I grumbled to bed and to sleep;
My lot wasn't bad,
I was only just mad,
Disgruntled, worn-out, and felt cheap.

I dreamed as I slept
The years o'er me crept
'Till I found myself well past the middle,
But the syndicate lied
When to me they implied
That now I must play second fiddle.

With a tragical stride
I was left in my pride,
By Jove! I couldn't do less!
The others I tried,
But they just replied,
"Please leave us your name and address."

In a cheap concert hall,
Great Scott! What a fall!
A manager gave me a part,
The villain to play,
In a comical way,
With little regard for high art.

This drama was rough,
You bet! It was tough!
They threw me from windows sky-high,
Slapsticks and falls,
Knockouts and sprawls—
The things that appeal to the eye.

Ah, laugh if you will—
'Twould make a man kill!
Believe me, 'twas not at all funny.
I'd have ended my life
Were it not for my wife,
Great God! How we needed the money.

She whispered to me,
"This ought not to be,
And it wouldn't, if we had been wiser;
When money poured in
We spent it like sin,
We should have been more like the miser.

But now it's too late,
It's a hard, cruel fate,
So play your part, dear, as you can;
Your eighteen per week
Keeps us 'comfy' and neat—
It's tough to be down to hard-pan."

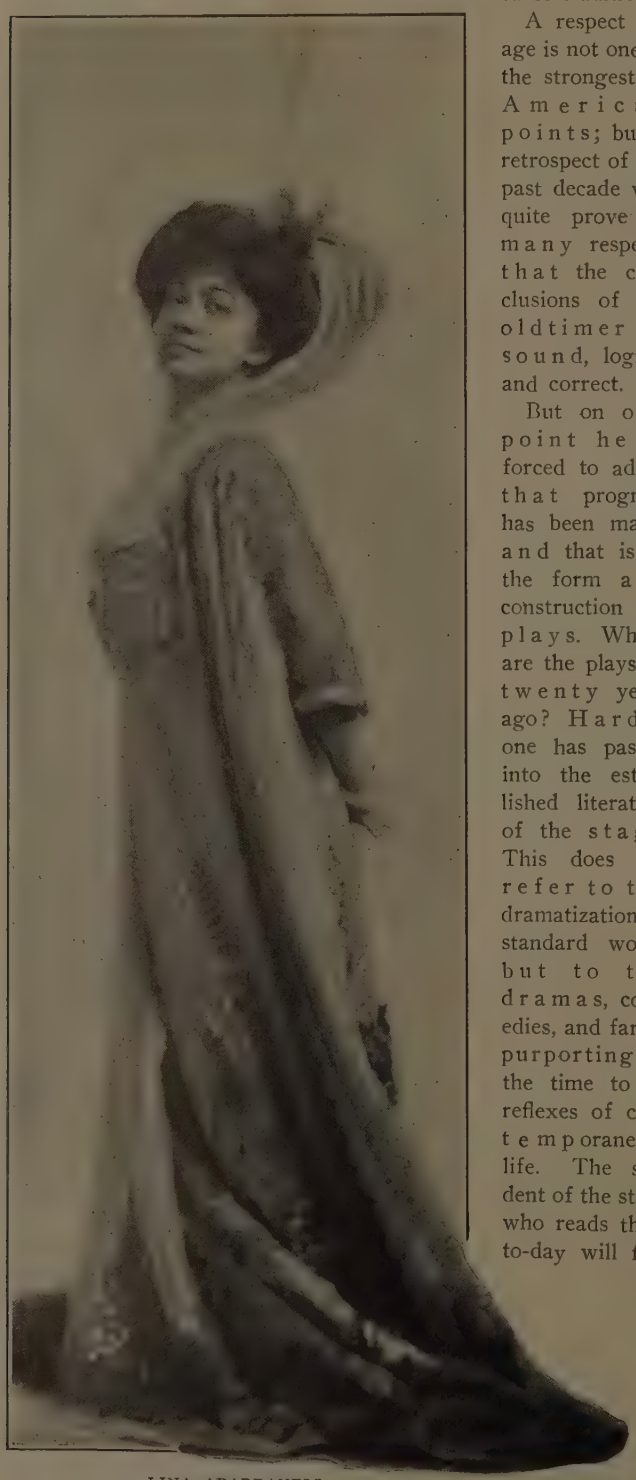
I sprang on the stage
To simulate rage
And grind my old teeth with despair;
But my mind was a blank,
I know I was rank,
My lines went 'way up in the air.

My eyes filled with tears,
In spite of my years,
And blandly I groped for support;
With the blight of old age
My head struck the stage
With a blow like a loud report.

"Five o'clock!" called the boy,
I awoke with great joy,
And I laugh as he knocks and he yells.
"My boy, here's a dime,
You've called me in time,
Just tell them I'm coming, *with bells!*"

The Palmy Days of the Drama

HE is generally in evidence at first nights. Naturally he shows his years, but when it comes to a discussion of his favorite theme his enthusiasm knows no bounds. He is the left-over of a previous theatrical generation, and his text, with variations, is "The Palmy Days of the Drama." He will descant you of the times when actors were actors and plays plays, and where pure histrionism rose superior to lavish scenic embellishments. He has no tolerance with modern conditions and inveighs lustily against the wealth of costume, scenery and accessories so much on view at the present time, and which he holds is only utilized to veil the paucity, mental and physical, of the players of to-day. He resents everything which disturbs tradition.



LINA ABARBANELL
Who succeeded Ethel Jackson as Sonia, the widow, in "The Merry Widow" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

A respect for age is not one of the strongest of American points; but a retrospect of the past decade will quite prove in many respects that the conclusions of the oldtimer are sound, logical and correct.

But on one point he is forced to admit that progress has been made, and that is in the form and construction of plays. Where are the plays of twenty years ago? Hardly one has passed into the established literature of the stage. This does not refer to the dramatization of standard works but to the dramas, comedies, and farces purporting at the time to be reflexes of contemporaneous life. The student of the stage who reads them to-day will find them void and without form, feeble, invertebrate, and as ephemeral as the snows of yester year. They served perhaps their immediate purpose, but that is all, and yet the same is true of that prolific period of English stage literature from the time when Congreve and Wycherly wrote to the days of Sheridan and Coleman. Brander Matthews has investigated and found that a bare dozen products of those literary giants retain a permanent place in the repertoire of the theatre. What posterity will think of the products of our moderns, time only will tell, but it will at least find in many of the plays recently produced a considerable semblance of form and substance. But it does seem a pity that while our playwrights have advanced in their technique, their choice of subjects has in many instances been picayune and trifling. Perhaps, however, this is not entirely their fault. Why may not a little of the blame be laid upon the shoulders of the modern managers, those astute gentlemen whose pride it is that the pulse of the public is to them as an open book? In the old days be it said the greater part of the offerings was solid food. The "pin head" contingent was not catered to, and to the credit of the players it was neither their pleasure nor their purpose to prostitute their talents in the dissemination of cheap and tawdry drama. It is the clinching argument of the "commercial manager" that the public does not want to be educated, and that what is offered to theatregoers is exactly what is wanted. The proverbial sheep is not more disposed to follow than is the modern impresario. If one manager makes a hit with a certain kind of play there immediately starts up a host of imitators until the field is run dry. One year it is all drama; the next farce, the next musical comedy. It never occurs to these gentlemen that the average playgoer has a catholic taste, and that mental food of one kind is apt to pall before a season runs its course. Since "The Squaw Man" made its hit there has been a plethora of dramas dealing with Indians, Cowboys, U. S. Regulars and red-shirted Miners; and, as is usually the case, not one of the successors has approached the original in either merit or popularity. Now, does it follow that because New York liked "The Squaw Man" it clamored for "The Ranger"? Because "The Girl from Kays" taxed the box office, a string of "Girls," which followed, conclusively proved from the business done that there was something in the first piece that was lacking in the others? But it is in the written-to-order plays that the managers most offend against public taste and against the interests of their own pocketbooks as well. A star with limited capacity scores in a sombrero and chapparals and is never allowed thereafter to change his costume. Another who wears an immaculate frock coat with sartorial grace is immediately condemned to the drawing room for life. What is the result? There are *no great actors* on the stage to-day, and with the lack of opportunity for practice and experience the younger generation is not likely to improve the breed. Why, to cast an old comedy on Broadway to-day, and give it the time spirit of the 18th century, is a practical impossibility! Hasn't the oldtimer a cause for jubilation when he remembers what he saw at Wallack's and even Daly's? Does not a recent revival of an old Roman play demonstrate that few are left capable of intelligently spouting blank verse, while the majority prove by their awkward bearing that tights and togas are beyond them? Surely the upholder of the Palmy Days would seem to score a grand slam on this show down.

But to return to the libretto!

It is absurd to contend, that however neatly they are constructed a certain brand of "pink tea" drama, much in evidence during the past few years, is either demanded or wanted by the public. They appeal to managers for obvious reasons. Some star has to be fitted and the result is, a dash of so-called comedy, a bit of pathos much nearer bathos as a rule—and one dramatic situation. This is dished up after a certain amount of advertising

Arnold Daly Roy Fairchild Frank Nelson George Leach William Harrigan Helen Ware

Act III. Conway (Arnold Daly): "If you don't go in there, they'll get yer!"

SCENE IN OWEN KILDARE'S PLAY "THE REGENERATION," IN WHICH ARNOLD DALY WILL BE SEEN NEXT SEASON

has been indulged in, and the result is "The Recruits of Co. G," "Van Slivers of Cornell," "The Cowboy King," or "The Alluring Mr. Cotton Down."

Art has gained nothing from this output, and the intelligence of the public has been insulted, but a few weeks' time has been filled in, and out on the road they go billed as big metropolitan successes. After patrons have been gulled a few times in this short-sighted manner, they become suspicious, and like the gentleman from Missouri insist that they be shown. Is it to be wondered at that after one of these namby-pamby exhibitions of diluted ideas the oldtimer insists that he got better run for his money when Wallack was the Young Marlow, Beckett the Tony Lumpkin, and John Gilbert the Old Hardcastle when he saw "She Stoops to Conquer" at the old 13th street house? Of course, the modern manager is quite right when he declares that you cannot have a continuous round of the old comedies, but isn't that luminary just a little behind in discovering just what the public will patronize?

Two examples of where capital money-makers were to be had for the asking, and yet were neglected for years, were the works of Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw. The commercial manager insisted that they were good only for an occasional matinée designed principally for the long-haired and the occult. But the late Richard Mansfield, and the very much present Mr. Arnold Daly both found Shavism a good business asset, and here on Broadway to-day a tremendously gifted foreign actress has been nightly filling a theatre with one of Ibsen's most complex and subtle creations.

The oldtimer has good cause for complaint. Modern theatrical conditions do not make for the upbuilding of the art of acting. Specialism has been carried to the extreme. It is personality against the creative instinct, and personality aided by the manager has a monopoly of the stage at the present time. The so-called polish is veneer, the apparent substance is an intangible shadow. And as for plays, the best and most vital are none too good for the people of this metropolis. It is certainly a discerning and discriminating public. It wants the best, and it gets it, because it is willing to pay for it, and will not be content with the inferior article. In such mundane matters as hotels and restaurants, it leads the country, because its citizens know a good thing when they see it; there is every reason to believe, especially when the musical history of the city is examined, that the public appreciation of the best in dramatic art is at hand, ready to respond in generous fashion when the sane and virile drama makes its appearance. It is up to the American dramatists. Let them continue writing plays dealing with big phases of American life. Our public will be quick to respond.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

Falk, Sidney

CHARLES D. WALDRON

Seen as Lieut. Burton in "The Warrens of Virginia"

FLORENCE OAKLEY
One of America's youngest leading women who at the age of seventeen has played more than 150 parts. She is now appearing in a stock company at the Majestic Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio

On Hero-worship

IN spite of "David Garrick," "Nance Oldfield," and sundry other plays somewhat less convincing but dealing with the same subject, we still do not know, neither those of us on the stage nor those in the house, just what the possibilities may be concerning the regard of individuals among the public for certain players whose personalities appeal to and attract them.

This is not a question of affection or hero-worship *all* the time, but of the possibility of real affection taking the place of hero-worship *some* of the time.

There is no doubt as to the quality, or lack of quality, in the sentiments of some of the individuals, and in the case of youth it can unhesitatingly be dubbed hero-worship, whilst in mature age it is known as "gush." This state of mind is not criminal nor even foolish, it merely represents lack of balance, and is harmful only to the human beings indulging therein.

On the other hand, a great deal of feeling, which has its visible commencement in explosives and sheep's-eyed sentimentality, can be traced to the genuine material out of which grows true appreciation and stable affection.

It is, in fact, difficult to judge of, and interesting to watch in development.

The writer has in mind a young student of literature and dramatic art who became so absorbed in her affection for Miss Maude Adams that it not only colored but regulated her work and everyday life.

The sentiment commenced in explosives and developed into a singularly normal and steady personal affection. A little gift offered, and acknowledged by a few kind words from the actress, would act as a stimulant to steady work and kindly bearing toward others.

The qualities with which the professional was credited appeared in the young school girl. Anything disparaging, said carelessly or intentionally, would be received with quiet indignation and loyal unbelief, yet if to-morrow any of these remarks proved to be founded on truth, the ideal would *not* be shattered but the woman loved the more.

Another case comes to mind of a young fellow whose whole course of life was altered by the unexplainable influence, exercised across the footlights, of an actor's personality, that actor being Sir Henry Irving. It is a fact that this youngster, then at college leading a strictly gay and eminently useless existence, suspended a fine picture of Sir Henry from his walls and proceeded to "cut out all ragtime," as he called it, and "be worthy to look his new pal in the face." The change was sudden but lasting, and now, seven years later, that boy is a brilliant man with his "pal" watching over his career from his office walls.

Other examples as impressive could be cited, but the above two amply illustrate the possibilities, in such cases, of sincere affection which arises, not alone from admiration excited by a favorite's art, but by a personal sympathy and appeal from one human heart to another.

Sceptics will say that in all this I am describing nothing but hero-worship. As I understand that expression, it is applied to those who are dominated, not by an ideal personality, but by one which gives them pleasurable sensations. If this be the case my own examples can not be included under the title of hero-worship, for where the latter term stands for sentimentality and weak-kneed adoration, the former means true sentiment and reliable mentality.

These same sceptics may remark that were these individuals in question to meet the actors whose influence upon them is so great, their admiration would crumble into the dust of dreams.

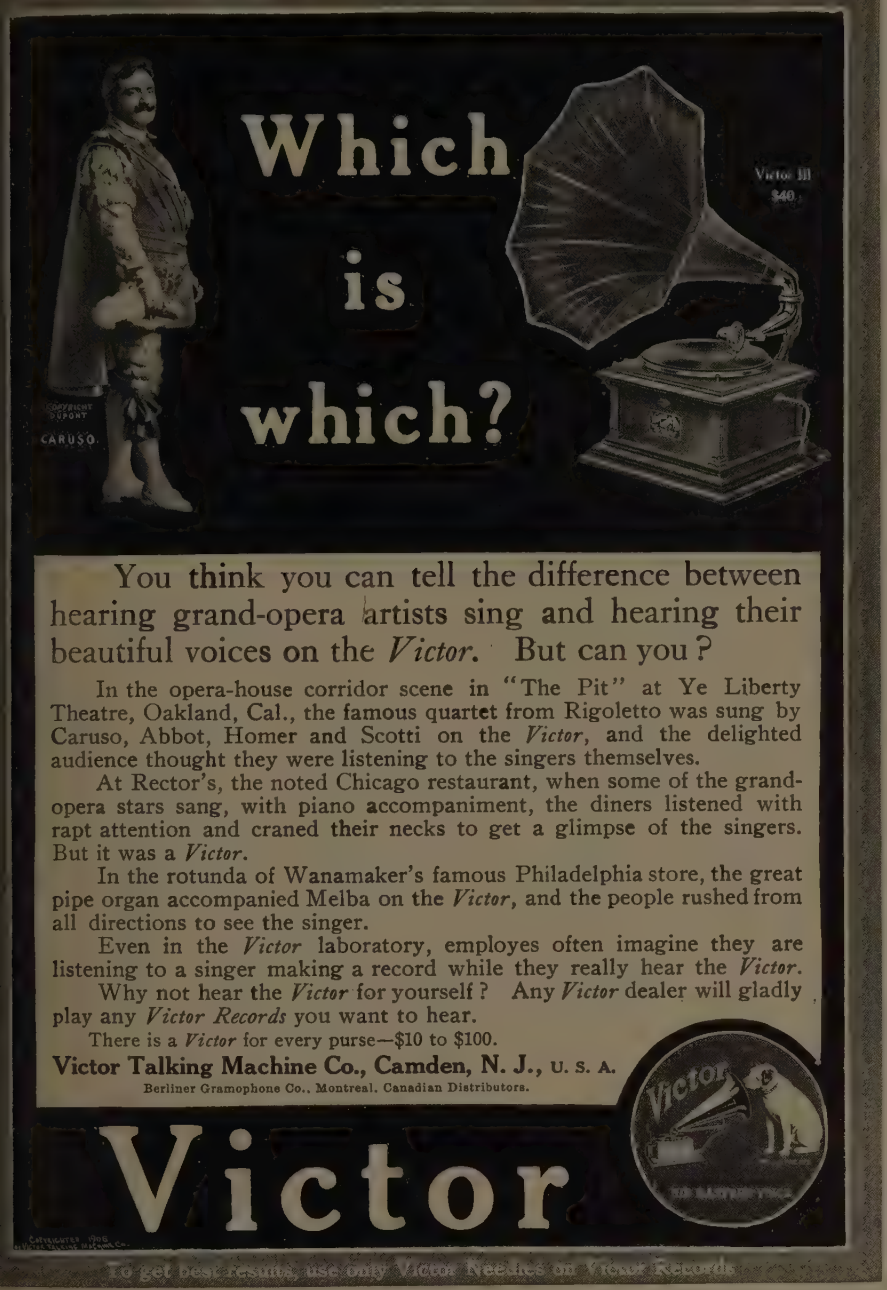
I do not think that is so, for where a personality is strong and attractive enough to arouse a genuine regard, it invariably has invited the best from that which is entirely worthy in itself.

There is no such thing as a really attractive personality which has not a preponderance of nobility in its construction.

A very good test of genuine feeling in this matter is arrived at when we hear some of the past generation speak in terms of gentle affection of a certain actress or actor of their day. There is a ring of sincere regret in some of these memories which indicates more than pallid hero-worship. One recognizes in the quiet reminiscent smile, a happy influence, a moral benefit received, a remembrance that recalls sunshine and heartfelt satisfaction.

We are forced to realize at the present day that there is *not* as much of the above-mentioned affectionate consideration from the public toward the players, and I venture the opinion that this is much to be regretted. Every genuine sentiment of that kind forms a weighty factor in the development of artistic work, for, whether it be by silent, telepathic influence or through later spoken approval, the effect of sympathetic appreciation of a few individuals will frequently "o'erweigh" that of continual general plaudits. In such cases the player feels that the individuals, whose complete natures vibrate in their response, really represent that everlasting and elusive *something* which we want to reach but can never be sure of having touched when our sole evidence is the hand-clapping of the multitude. How many cases we can name where the player has played for one person in a whole audience, and been supremely happy in having succeeded in his or her appeal. Is it not, then, a blessed thing to endeavor to discourage the puny sentiments of hero-worship?

FREDERICK C. PATTERSON.



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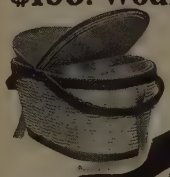

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Shaw's Revenge on Critics

Bernard Shaw has given me a characteristic interview relative to his new play, "Getting Married," which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre May 12, says the London correspondent of the New York *Times*.

"This play," said he, "is my revenge on the critics for their gross ingratitude, arrant philistinism, shameless and intellectual laziness, low tastes, puerile romanticism, stupendous ignorance, susceptibility to cheap sentiment, insensibility to honor, virtue, intellectual honesty, and everything that constitutes strength and dignity in human character."

Overwhelmed by this cyclonic outburst, the interviewer had barely the courage to inquire the exact nature of the revenge to be wrought by the new play.

"It is very simple," said Mr. Shaw. "You remember the production of 'The Dream of Don Juan in Hell' at the Court Theatre? You remember the howl of tortured rage with which it was received by the press? Yet that lasted only 110 minutes. Well, this time the 110 minutes will be stretched out to 150 minutes.

"There will be nothing but talk, talk, talk—Shaw talk—and the characters will seem to the wretched critics to be simply a row of Shaws, all arguing with one another on totally uninteresting subjects. The Shaw in the Bishop's apron will argue with the Shaw in the General's uniform; the Shaw in the Alderman's gown will argue with the Shaw dressed as a beadle; the Shaw dressed as a bridegroom will be married to a Shaw in petticoats. The whole thing will be a hideous and indescribable eternity of brain-racking dulness. Yet the critics will have to sit it out.

"I am not a vindictive man, but there is such a thing as poetic justice, and next Tuesday it will assume its sternest retributive form."

"Am I to understand that in order to revenge yourself on the critics, you have deliberately written a bad play?" asked the interviewer, with a pitiful lack of humor.

"Good heavens, no! There is nothing that they would like better," thundered Mr. Shaw. "I have deliberately written a good play. That is the way to make the critics suffer."

In the course of further illuminating talk Mr. Shaw stated that his new play had no plot—he was a dramatic poet, not a plot-monger; his play was an argument lasting nearly three hours, and carried on with unflagging cerebration by twelve people and a beadle—all honorable, decent, nice people.

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To do work well the artist must spend his life in incessant work, and deny himself everything for that purpose. It is a lesson we actors and actresses cannot learn too early, for the bright and glorious heyday of our success must always be brief at best.—*Miss Ellen Terry in M. A. P.*

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Review of the Season

(Continued from page 174)

elements of this action if handled with more delicacy are sufficient for an opera of the true kind. There are one or two bits of indelicacy that should be eliminated. The mother-in-law had been a circus rider, and when her old lover, a sailor, who had been roving the seas and putting into foreign ports during an absence of years, returns, she essays to give him an exhibition of herself in her costume as a circus rider. It is an exhibition of obesity and can be easily spared. The incidental songs of the piece are fairly within the scope of the action, and we are disposed to commend the opera as something in the right direction. It is a return to consistency of form, without which the term of comic opera is misapplied. At best, in all comic opera there are centrifugal forces at work, but where they do not prevent coherency they do not work detrimentally. One does not feel that his reason is outraged, or does he doubt the sanity of what he sees and hears. One does not feel that he is being trifled with when he hears a song about "The Saucy Sparrow," or listens to a number of tuneful stanzas about "A Cup of Tea," for the songs have some reason for their existence. The people employed in the opera are capable. Mr. Walter Percival, as the young composer, plays with spirit. Mr. John C. Miron, as the sea captain, is broadly and unctuously humorous. Miss Amelia Stone, as the prima donna, is pleasing, and Miss Sophie Brandt is admirable in the precision and effectiveness of her art. Coming at the end of a season of, for the most part, frivolous hodge-podges of musical comedy, "The Gay Musician" encourages us to hope for a return to consistent form in comic opera.

NEW YORK. "Mary's Lamb." Musical comedy in three acts. Adapted from the French farce "Mme. Mongodin" by Richard Carle. Produced May 25 with this cast:

Alan Townsend, John B. Park; "Bill" Blackwell, Frank H. Belcher; Clyde Wetherbee, Ray Youngman; Sylvester Q. Nightingale, Harry Montgomery; Judge Henry Gibson, Abbott Adams; Mary Miranda Lamb, Elita Proctor Otis; Sylvia Montrose, Henrietta Lee; Mercedes, Edith St. Clair; Phyllis Atwood, Berta Mills; Weenie, Winifred Gilraine; Celia Dale, Marion Mills; Edna Sydney, Carmen Espinoza; Viola Fair, Rita Stanwood; Lucille St. John, Evelyn Richman; Horace Drummond, Walter Paschal; Willis Brooks, Howard Hall; Guy Whitaker, Paul Souther; Stacy Miller, Herman Noble; Aphrodite, By Herself; Leander Lamb, Richard Carle.

In "Mary's Lamb" Mr. Richard Carle has provided an entertainment in the making of which he is an adept. Of musical pieces there is no end, and since they require little or no actual authorship the continuance of the supply and the vogue of them promises (or threatens) to be of infinite duration. They are a by-product of the drama in which all the odds and ends may be used. The ordinary operas of the kind all "look alike." They are reproductions, with here and there a novelty in song and dance and light effects; but we have one or two producers of them who impart distinctiveness to their work. While Mr. Carle uses all the conventional resources of the operatic stage he gives us something marked with individuality. In color and movement he has taste; in matters of propriety he often falls into gross vulgarity. Himself odd and without grace or refinement, he understands the alluring in the feminine contingent of his productions, and he infuses a vitality into the dances that is remarkable. His humor is dry, but effective. His business is eccentric, but artistic. His contortions are not fun-making of the highest order, but he is oddly amusing. The vehicle for all this assorted entertainment is Mr. Carle's own adaptation of an old French farce entitled "Mme. Mongodin." The story, however, is a matter of slight consequence, comparatively. Leander Lamb is the very much subdued husband of Mary, who is formidable with her rules and regulations, and is supposed to be a dragon of virtue. He longs for some of his old liberty. He makes an appointment to meet an actress at the studio of a friend and is discovered in her company there by his wife. She knows he has the habit of walking in his sleep. He takes advantage of this and succeeds in convincing his wife that he is in a somnambulistic state. This bit of business is very cleverly contrived. He fails with it when he tried it a second time, but he restores himself to a position of supremacy by discovering that his wife had been carrying on a flirtation of her own. So say that Miss Elita Proctor Otis was the wife [illegible] to indicate that the farcical part of the slight story carried through by her and Mr. Carle was amusing. On the whole, "Mary's Lamb" has the merit of being not wholly inconsistent and stupid, as is the case sometimes with such pieces.

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Exit Joyous "Pete" Dailey

Peter Francis Dailey—whose name, somehow, never looks or sounds right unless shortened to the familiar and jovial "Pete"—died in Chicago, on May 23d, in the forty-eighth year of his age. His last, sudden exit from life's garish scene called forth demonstrations of grief as sincere

Bangs PETER F. DAILEY

and impulsive as the applause which always greeted his entrances had been universal and glad. Broadway never had before, and never will have again, perhaps, a great born comedian with such small artistic pretensions as Pete Dailey, with so many friends and so few—if any—enemies. His years, on the stage and off, were full of sunshine. His jokes, if sometimes broad, were never offensive or off-color; his laughter was sympathetic, because it had heart in it; his wit and irony were stingless, and left no bad taste. His failings and weaknesses—and Pete was too thoroughly human not to have had his share of these—he invariably turned into jests, with the point always against himself.

It is characteristic of Pete Dailey, who was a notorious laggard at rehearsals,—who would saunter in at one o'clock when the call was for 11, and calmly wipe out the second "1" on the board—that he sacrificed his life to his fidelity, in playing the "Merry Widow" burlesque up to the last gasp, after he had been stricken with pneumonia, had a temperature of 104, and was too weak to stand upon his feet.

"He was one of the few actors who needed neither an author nor a stage manager," says Lew Fields. Certain it is, that such impromptu feats of fun as shoveling up a big diamond sunburst which May Irwin accidentally dropped on the stage, and depositing it nonchalantly in the ice-box, would sweep the coldest audience off its center of gravity, and swung many a mediocre piece round from a near-failure into a screaming success. Fay Templeton, Marie Dressler, Lillian Russell, Anna Held, and many another comedienne of genius and individuality, flashed out with more than their ordinary brilliance, when Pete Dailey divided the stage with them,—always chivalrously giving them by far the bigger half.

And then there was his singing. Pete's boon and bosom friend, Charles Ross, wrote of him that "he never showed sorrow, worry, or care, but turned trouble turtle with the songs that he sung." At the impressive funeral rites conducted by the Brooklyn lodge of Elks, there was much beautiful music, but none so affecting as when the orchestra, while the body of the dead minstrel was being carried out, played the popular songs with which his fame was identified at the historic Weber-Fields Music Hall. It played them in slow tempo, and with a somber, sullen bell tolling all the while. But there was no mistaking "Dinah," and the other lilting, dancing coon songs composed by the late John Stromberg—songs which "Strom" himself used to conduct with such a splendid dash and swing. For once, these songs

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made Dailey's friends, and doubtless some of Stromberg's, too, weep like the warm-hearted, impressionable children that they are.

Pete Dailey was Manhattan-born, and made his first appearance on the stage in 1876, in the old Globe Theatre. He was a dancer, then, and soon became a favorite in a four-cornered variety specialty, with Messrs. Pettengill, Gale, and Hoey. Then he went into musical comedy and burlesque, and on "A Straight Tip" won the stellar honors, which he wore with such light-hearted grace and unpretentious geniality.

Russian Actress on Our Drama

Mme. Komisarzhevsky, the Russian actress, who recently appeared before New York audiences and proved herself a player of unusual capacity and charm, gave an American interviewer a frank opinion of our drama. She said:

"I think your drama is in a parlous state. I realize that I have not been here long enough perhaps to get other than a general impression. It appears to me, however, that the public is not blessed either with a critical taste or with the least interest in the serious forms of the drama. They seem to enjoy the drama as a light amusement, offered in the most inartistic forms. They do not seem to care very much that often the plays are bad, from an artistic standpoint, and that the acting is on a par. They enjoy the performance anyhow, just as children.

"Your critics are the same, for the most part. When I read some of the things that were written, it really amused me very much," and the countess gave a hearty little Peter Pan laugh.

"Why were they amusing?" she was asked.

"Because they were so naïve, some of them. Please do not think that I am referring to the manner in which they wrote of me. My criterion of a good critic is not that he should praise me. Some of them were very flattering. What was amusing about some of the critics was that it was so evident that they knew remarkably little about the drama and far less about acting. They did not know what to think, nor what to say, and only two or three of them seemed to have experience upon which to draw and a standard from which to judge.

"You have a few very discerning and experienced critics here. There is nothing better for the public, for the drama, and for an actress than a good critic—one who has a serious and earnest regard for the advancement of the drama. But nowhere else in the world, I believe, would such makeshift criticisms be tolerated as here. As a rule, they seem to have no better taste than your general public, no more delight in simple and unpretentious impersonations. They seem to think that the best way to present a character is to make a sort of noisy or striking caricature of it. Some of them seemed so perfectly careless in observation and lacking in ideas!

"For instance, one of the critics, in lieu of criticism, I suppose, of the play or the acting, ridiculed my name. It was so utterly surprising," and the countess smiled, "and so extremely vulgar"—here she lowered her voice—"that it was laughable instead of insulting. How a man can dare offer personal matter of that sort, and in such a coarse manner, to the public as serious criticism is one of the things I shall never understand! Vulgarity in a critic of art! It is so anomalous! That is one more proof to me that you are not an enlightened people artistically. Such a thing would not be tolerated in Europe for a moment, even if a critic could be found who would publicly show himself possessed of vulgarity or coarseness.

"Yes, some of your critics were certainly naïve and amusing. But it is bad for the public, and for the interest in the drama. I do not know whether your critics are responsible for the ignorance and lack of taste in the drama on the part of the public, or whether the public is responsible for the critic. I know that no enlightened community could be so deceived by some such critics as you have. They 'bluff,' as you say. Are they good bluffers?' Well, they may be to the ignorant, but surely there are thousands of persons here who can see that some of these men are not the teachers that they should be, but merely funmakers."

Miss Grace Merrit, after a tour of six months, appeared with her company in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" at the Carnegie Lyceum for one week. The play was originally produced by Miss Julia Marlowe nearly ten years ago and has been in constant use since. It remains, then, only to note Miss Merritt's success in a character calling for the exercise of many artistic qualities. She is particularly effective in comedy. With her grace, intelligence and personal charm she has demonstrated her right to consideration

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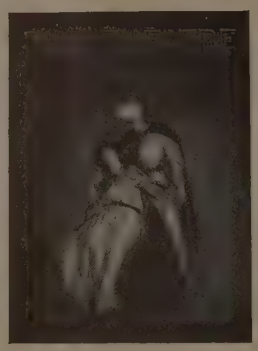

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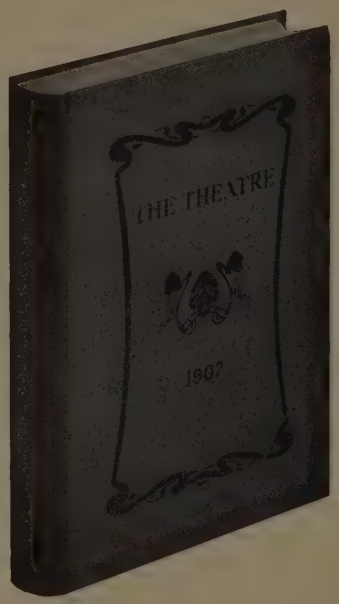

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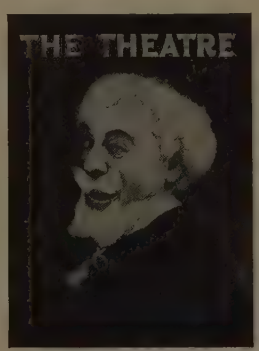

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

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Plays, Season 1907-1908

We give herewith a list of the new plays produced in New York City from August, 1907, to June, 1908. The biggest successes of the season, judging by the length of their respective runs, have been: 1st, "The Thief," 281 times; 2d, "The Girl Behind the Counter," 260 times; 3d, "The Merry Widow," 242 times; 4th, "The Witching Hour," 212 times; 5th, "The Warrens of Virginia," 180 times; 6th, "A Knight for a Day," 176 times; 7th, "The Talk of New York," 165 times; 8th, "Polly of the Circus," 160 times; 9th, "The Merry Widow" (Burlesque), 156 times; 10th, "The Top o' th' World," 165 times. Other runs, alphabetically arranged, were as follows:

Adrienne Lecouvreur	Daly's	Feb.	17	4
After the Opera	Berkeley	Nov.	5	15
Alaskan, The	Knickerbocker	Aug.	12	29
American Citizen, An	Grand Op. H.	Jan.	6	2
Anna Karenina	Herald Sq. (31)	Sept.	2	
	Majestic (16)	Sept.	30	47
Artie	Garrick	Nov.	28	22
Ash Wednesday	Irving Pl.	Feb.	21	7
At the Sign of the Green Parrot	Irving Pl.	Oct.	29	10
At the White Horse Tavern	Irving Pl.	Feb.	25	6
Auto Race, The	Hippodrome	Nov.	27	
Awakening, The	Daly's	Feb.	10	8
Bandanna Land	Majestic	Feb.	3	89
Battle of Port Arthur, The	Hippodrome	Jan.	6	
Battle of the Butterflies, The	Daly's	Mar.	9	3
Beneficent Bear, The	Lyric	Dec.	7	1
Blockhead, The	Irving Pl.	Jan.	1	12
Bluffs	Bijou	Mar.	19	12
Boys of Company B, The	Lyceum (96), (Resumed)			
	Grand Op. H.	Aug.	24	105
Brewster's Millions	Hudson (163), (Resumed)			
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Jan.	13	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Mar.	16	179
Brown of Harvard	Princess (125), (Resumed)			
	Majestic (53),	Dec.	24	
	G'nd Op. H. (9)	Sept.	2	187
Builders, The	Astor	May	20	17
Candida	Berkeley	Dec.	11	30
Carmen	Daly's (3),	Feb.	24	
	G'nd Op. H. (3)	May	6	6
Cathleen Ni Hoolihan	Berkeley	Dec.	2	10
Celebrated Woman, The	Irving Pl.	Dec.	28	1
Child of Nature, A	Daly's	Mar.	10	5
Children of the Sun, The	Daly's	Mar.	12	4
Chorus Lady, The	Hackett (315), (Resumed)			
	Hudson (33)	Nov.	25	348
Christian Pilgrim, The	Liberty	Nov.	11	14
Cinderella	Irving Pl.	Dec.	23	8
Classmates	Hudson	Aug.	29	102
Comet, The	Bijou	Dec.	30	56
Coming of Mrs. Patrick, The	Madison Sq.	Nov.	6	13
Comtesse Coquette	Bijou (76), (Resumed)			
	Bijou (25)	Sept.	2	101
Dairymaids, The	Criterion (86),	Aug.	26	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Feb.	24	94
Divorçons	Wallack's (54), (Resumed)			
	Lyceum (29)	Aug.	15	83
Doctor Klaus	Irving Pl.	Mar.	11	3
Doctor Wake's Patient	Garrick	Nov.	29	1
Doll's House, A	Bijou (49),	Nov.	18	
	Daly's (4)	Mar.	2	53
Don Quixote	Lyric	Apr.	9	13
Dowerless Bride, The	Daly's	Mar.	19	2
Duchess des Folies Bergere, The	Irving Pl.	Nov.	14	25
Easterner, The	Garrick	Mar.	2	16
Education of a Don Juan, The	Irving Pl.	Nov.	7	7
Electra	Garden	Feb.	11	9
Enigma, The	Daly's	Feb.	20	4
Evangelist, The	Knickerbocker	Sept.	30	19
Family Gathering	Irving Pl.	Apr.	23	4
Fascinating Flora	Casino (113),	May	20	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Sept.	23	121
Father and the Boys	Empire	Mar.	2	88
Fifth Commandment, The	Irving Pl.	Mar.	2	2
Fifty Miles from Boston	Garrick (32),	Feb.	3	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Mar.	2	40
Fires of St. John, The	Irving Pl. (1),	Oct.	10	
	Daly's (4)	Mar.	5	5
Flag Station, The	Berkeley	Nov.	26	17
Florette and Patapon	Irving Pl.	Mar.	13	9
Flower of the Ranch, The	West End (9),	Mar.	9	
	Majestic (16)	Apr.	20	25
Flower of Yamato, The	Garden	Feb.	11	9
Follies of 1907	N. Y. Roof (47)	July	8	
	Liberty (23),	Aug.	24	
	G'nd Op. H. (9)	Nov.	4	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Apr.	13	87
Fool Hath Said, There Is No God, The	Lyric	Mar.	9	7
Fujinabashi	Casino	Jan.	6	32
Gay White Way, The	Casino (105),	Oct.	7	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Feb.	3	113
Ghosts	Irving Pl.	Oct.	8	5
Gilded Fool, A	Grand Op. H.	Jan.	10	1
Girl Behind the Counter, The	Herald Sq.	Oct.	1	260
Girl of the Golden West, The (397)	(Resumed)			
	Belasco (22),	Nov.	11	
	Acad. Mus. (24)	Jan.	27	443
Girls	Daly's	Mar.	23	64
Girls of Holland, The	Lyric	Nov.	18	15
Glamor of the Stage, The	Irving Pl.	Oct.	3	10
Goetz von Berlichingen	Irving Pl.	Jan.	14	18
Good Army Man, A	Stuyvesant	Oct.	16	149
Good Mogul, The	N. Amsterd. (40)	Mar.	25	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Sept.	9	48
Great Community, The	Irving Pl.	Oct.	15	9
Great Divide, The	Daly's (103), (Resumed)			
	Acad. Mus. (16)	Feb.	17	353
Grand Passion, The	Irving Pl.	Apr.	16	5
Hamlet	Liberty (1),	May	25	
	Acad. Mus. (4),	July	17	
	Lyric (5)	Feb.	1	10
Her Tree, The	Acad. of Music.	Aug.	12	24
Hias Hucketer	Irving Pl.	Dec.	18	1
Hedda Gabler	Lyric (2),	Nov.	13	
	Irving Pl. (4)	Apr.	7	6
Her Sister	Hudson	Dec.	25	61
Hitha's Wedding	Irving Pl.	Jan.	28	7
Hip! Hip! Hooray!	Weber's	Oct.	10	64
His Honor the Mayor	Wallack's (16),	June	3	
	Circle (17)	Nov.	25	33

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Honeymooners, The	Aerial Gar. (12)	June	3	
	West End (9)	Jan.	13	81
Honor of the Family, The	Hudson	Feb.	17	104
Hooded Lark, The	Irving Pl.	Oct.	14	7
Hour Glass, The	Berkeley	Dec.	2	10
House of a Thousand Candles, The	Daly's	Jan.	6	14
How He Lied to Her Husband	Berkeley	Oct.	22	6
Hoyden, The	Knick'b'k'r (44)	Oct.	19	
	Wallack's (14)	Dec.	2	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Jan.	27	66
Hurdy Gurdy Girl, The	Wallack's	Sept.	23	24
If I Were King	Lyric	Mar.	2	15
In Mizzouri	Grand Op. H.	Jan.	11	1
Inspector Braesig	Irving Pl.	Apr.	1	3
I Pagliacci	Daly's	Feb.	3	4
Irene Wycherly	Astor	Jan.	20	30
Japanese Lady, The	Berkeley	Nov.	5	23
Jashiware	Berkeley	Nov.	26	7
Jesters, The	Empire	Jan.	15	53
John Glayde's Honor	Daly's	Dec.	23	16
Judge of Zalamea, The	Irving Pl.	Oct.	1	4
Kean (The Royal Box)	Lyric	Dec.	12	1
King Lear	Lyric	Dec.	11	1
Knight for a Day, A	Wallack's	Dec.	16	176
Lady from Lane's, The	Lyric (33), Casino (14)	Aug. Sept.	19	47
Lancers, The	Daly's	Dec.	5	13
Last Masks, The	Irving Pl.	Oct.	29	10
Lion and the Mouse, The (586)	(Resumed) G'nd Op. H. (9)	May	27	
	Hudson (16)	June	17	
	Acad. Mus. (75)	Oct.	28	686
Literary Sense, The	Madison Sq.	Jan.	13	24
Literature	Irving Pl.	Oct.	29	10
	(Resumed)			
Little Cherub, The (177)	Criterion (21), G'nd Op. H. (8)	Aug. Dec.	5 30	200
Lola from Berlin	Liberty (35), G'nd Op. H. (8)	Sept. Oct.	16 28	45
Lonesome Town	Circle	Jan.	20	86
Louis XI	Lyric	Dec.	6	1
Love's Comedy	Hudson	Feb.	23	2
Luck of MacGregor, The	Garden	Apr.	20	8
Macbeth	Lyric	Dec.	14	1
Madame Bonivard	Irving Pl.	Apr.	27	3
Madam Butterfly	Garden	Oct.	14	24
	(Resumed)			
Mlle. Modiste (202)	Knick'b'k'r (21), Acad. Mus. (29)	Sept. May	9 20	256
Magda	Lyric (2), Daly's (1)	Nov. Feb.	12 26	
Maid and the Millionaire, The	Mad. Sq. Roof.	June	22	7
Man of the Hour	Savoy (Cont'd).			477
Man on the Case, The	Madison Sq.	Sept.	4	2
Marta of the Lowlands	Garden	Mar.	24	1
Martyr, The	Berkeley	Oct.	15	1
Mary of Magdala	Irving Pl.	Oct.	22	
Master Builder, The	Bijou (65), Daly's (2)	Sept. Mar.	23 20	6
Merchant of Venice, The	Bijou	Feb.	17	
Merry-Go-Round, The	Circle	Apr.	25	2
Merry Widow, The	New Amsterdam	Oct.	21	24
Merry Widow, The (Burlesque)	Weber's	Jan.	2	15
Minna von Barnheim	Irving Pl.	Dec.	10	
Miss Hook of Holland	Criterion	Dec.	31	11
Miss Pocahontas	Lyric	Oct.	28	1
Mrs. Warren's Profession	Grand Op. H.	May	20	
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	Grand Op. H.	Jan.	20	
Morals of Marcus	Criterion	Nov.	18	4
Movers, The	Hackett	Sept.	3	2
	(Resumed)			
Music Master, The (631)	Stuyvesant (63)	Feb.	24	69
My Wife	Empire	Aug.	3	12
Nearly a Hero	Casino	Feb.	24	8
Nero	Lyric	Dec.	9	
Night Off, A	Lyric (1), Irving Pl. (1)	Dec. Feb.	13 26	
Old Heidelberg	Irving Pl.	Mar.	27	
Old Homestead	Acad. Mus. (32), West End (8)	Sept. Dec.	30 9	
O'Neill of Derry	Liberty	Nov.	25	3
On the Eve	Irving Pl.	Dec.	20	
Orchid, The	Herald Sq. (163), Casino (15), G'nd Op. H. (8), Acad. Mus. (16)	(Resumed) Sept. Dec. Mar.	2 23 2	20
Other House, The	Majestic	Aug.	30	3
Othello	Lyric	Dec.	2	
Our American Cousin (Lord Dundreary)	Lyric	Jan.	27	5
Our Boys	Lyric	Dec.	10	
Outlaw, The	Lyric	Dec.	5	
Paid in Full	Astor	Feb.	25	1
Papa Lebonnard	Lyric (1), Bijou (English version) (23)	Dec. Apr.	12 28	
Parisian Model, The	Broadway (222), G'nd Op. H. (8), Broadway (21), G'nd Op. H. (8)	(Resumed) Sept. Jan. Apr.	30 6 27	2
Peter Pan	Empire (291), Empire (16)	(Resumed) Dec.	24	3
Polly of the Circus	Liberty	Dec.	23	1
Pot of Broth, The	Savoy	Feb.	18	
Quality Street	Empire	Jan.	6	
Ranger, The	Wallack's (24), G'nd Op. H. (8)	Sept. Nov.	2 11	
Reckoning, The	Madison Sq.	Jan.	13	
Rector's Garden, The	Bijou	Mar.	3	
Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, The	Garden (32), Mad. Sq. (24)	Nov. Dec.	12 23	
Richard III	Bijou	Feb.	24	
Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer, The (187)	(Resumed) G'nd Op. H. (9)	Nov.	25	1
Right of Way, The	Wallack's (34), G'nd Op. H. (8)	Nov. Mar.	4 9	
Rising of the Moon, The	Savoy	Feb.	24	
Road to Yesterday, The	Lyric (96), (Resumed) G'nd Op. H. (8), West End (9)	Sept. Apr.	16 20	3
Roger Brothers in Panama	Broadway (49), Liberty (22), G'nd Op. H. (8)	Sept. Oct. Apr.	2 21 6	
Romeo and Juliet	Acad. Mus. (9), Metropolis (1)	June May	10 11	
Rose of the Rancho, The	Belasco (240), (Resumed) Belasco (87), Acad. Mus. (32)	Aug. Dec.	31 30	9
Rosmersholm	Lyric	Dec.	30	

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¶ Investigate any great fortune, and you will find that it consisted of two elements: First, Opportunity. Second, Confidence.

¶ Take, for instance, the success of the people who put the first money into the Morse Telegraph. You will remember that Morse had exhausted himself absolutely in making his invention feasible. He had rigged up a telegraphic apparatus in the Capitol Building at Washington and the Members of Congress had actually seen messages sent. Congress was to vote Morse $30,000. If he did not receive it he was absolutely bankrupt. Even then it was with the utmost difficulty that the more progressive congressmen persuaded their conservative fellows to grant this small appropriation. The Morse invention was ridiculed and made all sorts of fun of by the wise heads of Congress, and yet he got the thirty thousand dollars. All of us to-day know what a success the telegraph has become.

¶ Here's the point: Suppose that you could have bought stock in the Morse telegraph at that time. Do you know that an investment of a thousand dollars in the Morse Telegraph Company then would have been worth *around a million dollars* to-day?

¶ Well, the *opportunity* was offered to many people before Morse found a few with *Confidence* enough to take advantage of it. *The few made fortunes.* Certainly no magic there!

¶ When Alexander Graham Bell brought out the telephone, the wise business men of the community declared he was a lunatic. He had the utmost difficulty to persuade people to invest money enough with him to allow him to make his invention a commercial success. The story is told of one man who fitted out the Bell offices in Boston. When the time came to pay the bill, the young men associated with Bell persuaded the old carpenter to accept stock instead of money. He did so very reluctantly, and, disgusted with the stock, shoved it into a lower drawer of his desk. Notices of meetings, dividends, etc., came in from time to time, and they went into the drawer, too. It was all found years later, after the old man's death. The total amount of the stock was somewhere around $800. To-day that $800 worth of stock is worth $800,000, and every member of the old carpenter's family is well-to-do because of this accident.

¶ Magic? Yes, the magic of American business.

¶ Practical printers gave Ottmar Mergenthaler the laugh when he appeared on the scene with his Linotype machine. Handicapped from the start by lack of money and by the opposition of the very people his invention was destined to benefit, Mergenthaler experienced many hardships before he succeeded in enlisting the aid of outsiders. Finally, when the Mergenthaler Linotype Co. was formed, the stock sold for about $10 a share. To-day the click of his type-molding machine is heard in every printing office of any consequence in the world, and the stock has a market value around $195 a share—and none can be bought. *2,000 per cent. profit is better than rubbing lamps!*

¶ The history of the Carnegie Steel Company is so well known that it is almost foolish to make reference to it here. The number of millionaires created by Mr. Carnegie has fascinated the world. These millionaires were bookkeepers, stenographers, foremen in factories, etc. Mr. Carnegie gave them an opportunity to acquire a small block of stock. One bookkeeper, for example, gathered up his savings and got $10,000 worth of stock. Then the magic began. To-day he is worth $16,000,000, the major portion of which came to him because of the appreciation in value of his original $10,000, and his ability to buy more stock on the ground floor.

¶ This brings us to the magazine business—in which we want to interest you.

¶ Now, just look at Munsey's great success. If you had been able to buy $1,000 worth of Munsey's stock on the ground floor basis that you are now offered on BROADWAY MAGAZINE stock, your investment of $1,000 in Munsey's would be now paying you *$10,000 to $12,000 a year in dividends.*

¶ All these facts are hard, cold, unvarnished statements that you cannot get away from.

¶ *The conservative man hesitates—and is lost.* You can't become well-to-do by keeping your money locked up in the Savings Bank, where its earning power is limited to 3½ or 4 per cent. at best. You must put it where the Savings Banks put it to get the 8 per cent. and 10 per cent. interest they divide with you—where it has an opportunity to earn the maximum profit without endangering its safety.

¶ You can buy stock in gold mines, of course, and *if* they pan out successfully your investment will bring you enormous returns. But why buy stock in a gold mine with the attendant uncertainty of profits? Why put money in anything of that sort, the progress of which is a sealed book to you, when you are offered an opportunity to invest it in BROADWAY MAGAZINE, where every month you can watch your investment grow?

¶ *There is no other investment like this.*

¶ Why?

¶ Simply because the business of publishing a *high-class* periodical is one that a dishonest man cannot successfully engage in. A magazine or newspaper, to be successful, must have an individuality—one that reflects faithfully the publisher. If he is fair, square, honest, fearless, if he has magnetism and charm—all these things will be reflected in the personality of his periodical—and he must have real ability as a publisher. Lacking these qualities his chances of success are limited. *His readers can easily determine for themselves, by reading his publication, whether or not they are justified in placing confidence in him.*

¶ Then, too, judging the matter from a commercial standpoint, month by month his advertising pages tell their own story. If the advertising section is growing "fatter," the investment is growing stronger.

¶ Thus the publisher lives in a glass house, and he who runs may look in and see how the publisher prospers.

¶ Our booklet, "Profits in Magazine Publishing," tells of the man and the mediums that have won the greatest success; of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who started with a small farm paper, and now owns and operates the "Ladies' Home Journal," circulation 1,200,000, and the "Saturday Evening Post," circulation 900,000; of Frank A. Munsey, who is making an annual profit of $1,200,000 from his magazines; of S. S. McClure, who founded "McClure's Magazine," one of the greatest journalistic influences in the world, and a splendid money-maker as well; of the marvelous growth of "Everybody's Magazine," and a dozen others.

¶ You will want to read this book. You will find it time well spent. You will learn that magazine publishing offers a field of investment that is absolutely marvelous in its money-making possibilities. WRITE US TO-DAY, and we will send you the book FREE.

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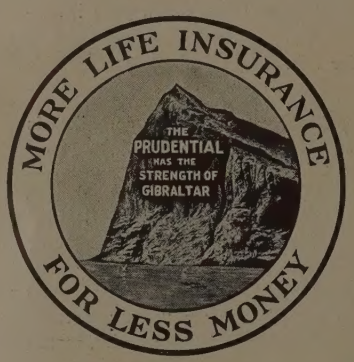

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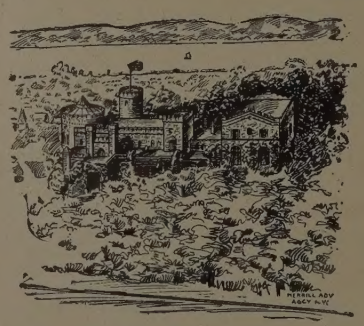

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Round Up, The	New Amst. (65)	Aug.	26	
	Broadway (90)	Oct.	21	155
Royal Mounted, The	Garrick	Apr.	6	32
		(Resumed)		
Salomy Jane (122)	Acad. Mus. (33)	Sept.	2	155
Sapho	Daly's (3),	Feb.	25	
	G'nd Op. H. (3)	May	4	6
Sappho and Phaon	Lyric	Oct.	21	7
Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The	Lyric (2),	Nov.	11	
	Daly's (1),	Feb.	29	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	May	8	6
Secret Orchard, The	Lyric (16),	Dec.	16	
	Astor (16)	Jan.	16	32
Servant in the House, The	Savoy	Feb.	23	64
Shirkers, The	Berkeley	Oct.	15	15
Shoo Fly Regiment, The	Gr'nd Op. H. (8)	June	3	
	Bijou (14),	Aug.	6	
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	American (8)	Oct.	21	38
Silver Girl, The	Wallack's	Oct.	14	24
Snow White	Irving Pl.	Dec.	21	3
Society and the Bulldog	Daly's	Jan.	18	17
Soul Kiss, The	New York	Jan.	28	122
Spell, The	Majestic (16)	Sept.	16	
	Thalia (8)	May	11	24
		(Resumed)		
Spring Chicken, The (115)	Gr'nd Op. H. (8)	Oct.	14	123
		(Resumed)		
Squaw Man, The (239)	A. of Music (32)	Mar.	16	271
Step-sister, The	Garrick	Oct.	14	14
		(Resumed)		
Straight Road, The (40)	Gr'nd Op. H. (8)	Dec.	2	48
Struggle Everlasting, The	The Hackett	Sept.	26	20
Talk of New York, The	Knick'b'k'r (157)	Dec.	3	
	G'nd Op. H. (8)	Apr.	20	165
Taming of the Shrew, The	Lyric	Dec.	7	1
		(Resumed)		
Tattooed Man, The (59)	Gr'nd Op. H. (8)	Oct.	21	67
Thief, The	Lyceum	Sept.	9	287
Thief, The (Burlesque)	Weber's	Nov.	23	10
Time, the Place, and the Girl, The	Wallack's	Aug.	5	33
Toddles	Garrick	Mar.	16	10
Tom Jones	Astor	Nov.	11	68
Top o' the World, The	Majestic (131)	Oct.	19	
	Casino (25)	Feb.	3	156
Toymaker of Nuremberg, The	Garrick	Nov.	25	24
Twelfth Night	Acad. Music (5)	June	20	
	Irving Pl. (12)	Feb.	11	17
Twenty Days in the Shade	Savoy	Jan.	20	64
Two Islands	Circle	Sept.	17	51
Under the Greenwood Tree	Garrick	Dec.	25	44
Van Dyck, The	Berkeley	Nov.	5	41
Village Lawyer, The	Garden	Feb.	29	17
Virginius	Lyric (22)	Sept.	16	
	West End (4)	Nov.	25	26
Waltz Dream, A	Broadway	Jan.	27	111
Warrens of Virginia, The	Belasco (174)	Dec.	3	
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Washington's First Defeat	Berkeley	Oct.	15	1
When Knights Were Bold	Garrick (56)	Aug.	20	
	Hackett (37)	Oct.	14	
	Garrick (7)	Nov.	18	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Feb.	10	10
When We Were Twenty-one	Grand Op. H.	Jan.	8	
Witching Hour, The	Hackett	Nov.	18	21
Wolf, The	Bijou (9)	Apr.	18	
	Lyric (24)	Apr.	27	3
Worth of a Woman, The	Madison Sq.	Feb.	12	2
Yankee Prince, The	Knickerbocker	Apr.	20	2
Yankee Tourist, The	Astor (103)	Aug.	12	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Nov.	18	11
Youth	Irving Pl.	Nov.	26	

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